

# The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1905.

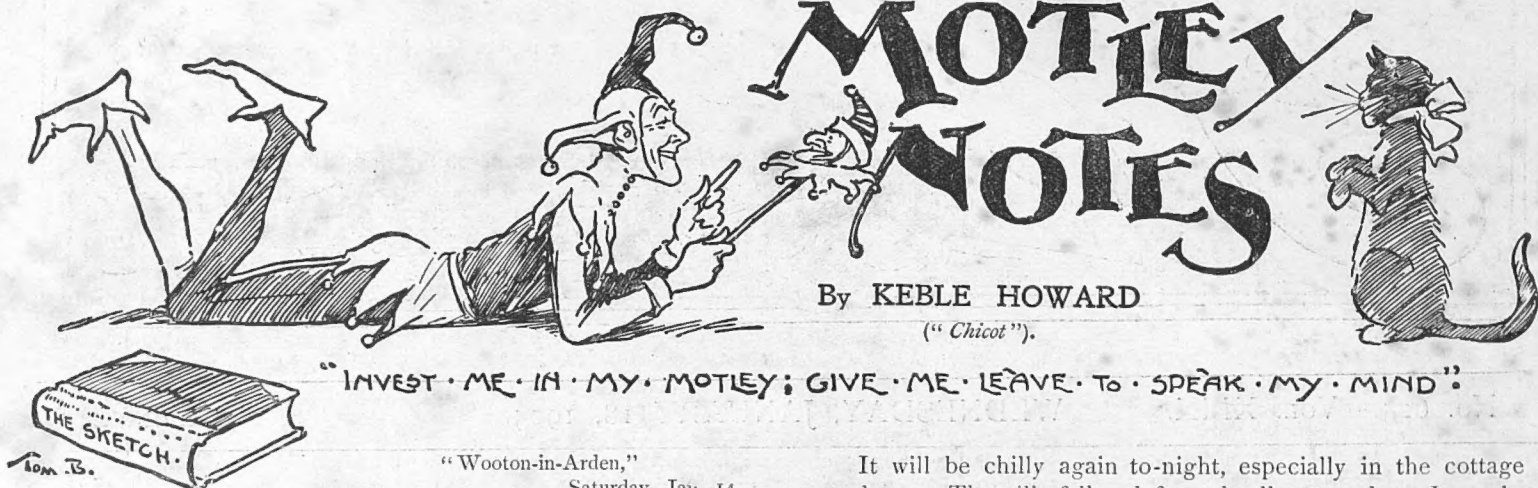
SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Langfier.

MR. LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V. AND MISS SARAH BROOKE AS KATHARINE IN "KING HENRY V.," TO BE REVIVED AT THE IMPERIAL ON SATURDAY NEXT.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

"Wooton-in-Arden,"

Saturday, Jan. 14.

MORE frost this morning, and my garden—if "E. K. R." will pardon me for mentioning the fact—is flaked, here and there, with white. The singing-birds still refuse to sing, the fact of the matter being that the little wretches are sulky. Even the robin and his newly-rejoined wife had a row this morning. So far as I could make it out, their conversation ran in this way—

MR. ROBIN. Rotten cold again to-day.

MRS. ROBIN. Beastly.

MR. ROBIN. I can't think why we stay in this miserable country all the winter. Why don't we clear out like other folk?

MRS. ROBIN. I've no choice in the matter. If you care to go, I'll come too.

MR. ROBIN (*under his breath*). That's the worst of it.

MRS. ROBIN. What's that?

MR. ROBIN. I was merely observing that the children might miss us so dreadfully.

MRS. ROBIN. Don't you flatter yourself, my dear. That "little red-breast" business is played out. There wasn't a crumb on the window-sill all day yesterday.

MR. ROBIN. All right, all right. It's no use getting snappy with me about it. What about being the "poor man's friend," eh? It was only the other day you were pluming yourself on the title.

MRS. ROBIN (*severely*). Indeed? I don't remember the circumstance.

MR. ROBIN. No, but I do. And you said you thought that picture of us peeping out of a kettle was perfectly sweet.

MRS. ROBIN. So it was, if only they hadn't made me quite so red about the—er—throat.

MR. ROBIN. I thought the whole thing simply ridiculous. I shall take care never to build my nest in a kettle again.

MRS. ROBIN. I think you might consult me before coming to a decision of that kind.

MR. ROBIN. I know what that would end in.

MRS. ROBIN. Thank you. I've no wish to hear.

MR. ROBIN. No, because you know jolly well it's true. You always get your own way when building-time comes round. I wonder you don't make the bally nest in a motor-car.

MRS. ROBIN. Our family has always been noted for eccentricity in that respect. My grandfather and grandmother once built their nest in a church-clock. There was a photograph of it in the *Illustrated London News*.

MR. ROBIN. Vulgar advertisement, I call it.

The missel-thrush put an end to the squabble by trying over, in a hoarse voice, a little tune of his own composition. The robins darted one reproachful glance at him, and then fluttered sadly away.

Some of my cabbages, I notice, are feeling the cold. I can soon put a stop to that, however, by having them boiled. And that reminds me to get a couple of fowls killed this morning. They have been fed so generously all the winter and have done so little work that they are beginning to put on side.

I went for a walk in the fields yesterday, and made the acquaintance of an old cow. She was standing, forlornly, by the side of a twisted fence. I forbore to address her, thinking it possible that she might be chewing the cud. There are few animals more dangerous than cows, of course, when they happen to have indigestion. It seemed, however, that I was mistaken, since she began to talk of her own accord. We discussed many topics, among them being Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy and the fall of Port Arthur. We disagreed, I regret to say, on the former subject, with the result that, on leaving the field somewhat unexpectedly, I discovered my acquaintance to be a direct descendant of the cow with the crumpled horn.

It will be chilly again to-night, especially in the cottage of my gardener. The silly fellow left a wheelbarrow where I was bound to fall over it. On picking myself up, therefore, I reduced his wages for the third time this week.

Our social excitements, in this quiet corner of the world, are not many. I understand from the local paper that a concert was held in the village schoolroom last week, followed by a dance. Both events appear to have been a great success. All the ladies who performed at the concert are described as beautiful and talented, all the gentlemen as popular and talented. The distinction is subtle. As to the dance, I read that "upwards of twenty couples indulged in the art of Terpsichore until the small hours of the early morning, when, after a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Sotherethen and all the other ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to a most enjoyable evening." The writer forgot, I suppose, to finish his principal sentence, or it may have been "cut" by the sub-editor in order to make room for the usual catalogue of "drunks and disorderlies." I hasten to add that none of the latter attended the dance, or are on visiting terms with anybody who is anybody in Wooton-in-Arden.

Talking of social excitements, though, I must not omit to mention that we have recently built some almshouses in the village. That is to say, they were built with some money set aside for that purpose by a benevolent gentleman who died a short time ago. There are four almshouses, and they are built on the flat-system. There is water and gas laid on, there are spacious windows of the most approved artistic pattern, there are cupboards, and coppers, and ranges—everything, in short, that the heart of a housewife could desire. Now, just to show you how difficult it is to please the poor, more particularly the very poor, I may tell you that many of the eligible inhabitants have refused to take up their residence in these desirable flats, on the score that they are too grand. Only yesterday afternoon I was passing by the new almshouses when I saw an old lady, long known to those in authority as a deserving case for assistance, shaking her fist at the handsome building. Guessing that it would be interesting to talk the matter over with her, I crossed the road. As I approached, she turned and eyed me sourly.

"Good-afternoon," said I.

"Afternoon," she replied.

"Taking a look at the new almshouses, then?"

"Looks like it, don't it?"

"Been inside?"

"No, nor don't want."

"They're very comfortable inside."

No answer.

"I say, they're very comfortable inside."

"I 'eard yer."

"I hope to come and call on you in one of those nice flats some day soon."

"Yer'll 'ave ter wait long enough before yer do that."

"Really? Has your application been refused?"

"I never arst ter go in. Let them as built 'em live in 'em; that's what I say. I've no patience with 'em, what with their bay-windys, an' brass knockers, and letter-boxes, an' one thing an' another. A waste o' good money, I calls it. Better by 'alf 'ave given us a couple o' blankets an' a bit o' coal."

"But you haven't given the places a chance yet. They'll be snug enough when you've got your furniture in and the fires going. I tell you, I should like to live in one of them myself."

"You? Ah. That's just about what they're fit for." And she hobbled off.



SOCIETY IN SEARCH OF TREASURE AND EXCITEMENT.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



"COMING, SIR! COMING!": THE WAITER FINDS THE EXCITEMENT, BUT NOT THE TREASURE.

"—Waiter badly injured, landslide—gone hospital. Others all well."

—[EXTRACT FROM DAILY PAPER, GIVING NEWS OF LORD FITZWILLIAM'S TREASURE-PARTY.]



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Palermo—Its Shops and Theatres.*

THE sun, which I have chased as far south as Palermo, has not deserted me now that I am there. Thunder-showers have come up from the south now and again and deluged the streets with rain and powdered the hills with snow; but I have lived for a week with my windows open, and there has been no day when the sun, rising over the mountain, has not called to me to look over the deep-blue bay to the white lighthouse, the broad red roofs of the arsenal, the many domes of the city, and the great valley, shell-shaped, amidst the snow-capped hills.

There is no Italian town more picturesque than this Sicilian capital. In its port lie crowded the queerest coasting-craft I have ever set eyes on. Sailing-ships of all rigs, their hulls painted all the colours of the rainbow, nose up against the quay, where mule-carts, whose drivers are shouting at the top of their voices, wait to take away the merchandise. The narrow street where the Custom House officers examine the goods brought ashore is a place of terrific noise. When a driver, two clerks, and two Custom House officers are discussing the contents of a bale or a cask, it seems as though murder

There is a vegetable-shop I pass every day, when I walk in from the big hotel at Aqua Santa to the town, which is a perfect harmony of colours. I should fancy that the owner of it counts his day's profits in halfpennies, but he arranges his fruits and roots with the eye of a true artist. The garlands of red-peppers, the green and purple of the cauliflowers, the pink of the onions, the yellow and salmon of the fruit of the prickly-pear, the gold of the oranges and lemons—all are contrasted; every colour fits into its right place in the picture. The paste-shops, with the vermicelli hanging like rain from laths, and baskets full of macaroni, small and big, and twists and twirls and little rounds of the paste, are good to look at; and so are the potters' shops, with their rough pots and pans glazed green and white inside and their reproductions of old Roman and Grecian shapes for common household uses.

The marionette theatres have an attraction for me, and I hang about the doors like a small boy without the necessary halfpenny for admission. The doorways are not inviting, generally leading to a flight of filthy stairs, and the glimpses I have had of the interiors have yielded views no better than the stairs. The pictures over the entrance are enthralling, however. A knight in golden armour fights twenty or more men in steel; heroes slaughter dragons and fly away from towers upon cockatrices; a gallant gentleman chained to a pillar pulls the whole edifice down upon the Saracen who is about to cut



Aunt Sarah (Miss W. Kriashewa).

Reb Leiser (Mr. N. Orloff).

Lia (Miss A. Nasimowa).

A RUSSIAN THEATRICAL COMPANY IN ENGLAND: A SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT OF EUGEN TSCHIRIKOFF'S PLAY, "THE CHOSEN PEOPLE," TO BE PRODUCED AT THE AVENUE ON THE 21ST.

FIRST MURDERER: *You cursed fool! Why, she's got a revolver in her hand.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZANDER AND LABISCH. (SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

must be committed within the next few seconds. But somebody signs something, the cart moves on, and everybody laughs.

The side-streets at Palermo seem always to be keeping holiday, for the family washing is hung across the streets from all the windows, and every day seems to be washing-day in Sicily. The shirts and other garments are all of bright colours, and the effect is as though every alley were beflagged in honour of some great festival. The humble shops and the craftsmen who do their work in the streets add to the brightness of the town. On the stairs of an alley-way the maker of sticks and whips sits, his finished masterpieces ranged along the wall beside him, filing industriously at a long, knotty piece of wood; the water-seller is near by with his zinc tray, glasses, and lemons, and his great earthenware jar; the flower-peddler has roses and violets and orange-blossoms in bowls and a row of little plants in pots made of withies; the vendor of roast chestnuts fans his little oven and sweeps a clear space for his baskets.

In each of the little shops somebody is at work, and his wares are strung round the great opening which is window and door all in one. The turners, the basket-makers, the polishers of beautiful stones, the bakers, the shoemakers, the tinsmiths all turn, or hammer, or plait in the sunlight and chat to their neighbours as they work. The bakers' shops are, I am sure, just as they were when the old Romans ruled the island: the ovals of bread piled one on the other and a fancy piece of baking, a wreath of white bread, put up as a sign.

his throat; devils and hobgoblins rollick round gibbets—there must be an immense amount of variety in the marionette drama of Sicily.

Mr. Pinero's theory that a high-tea before the drama is all that is necessary would not find favour with the Sicilians. In Palermo the curtain does not rise until nearly half-past nine, and then not half the audience is in its place. The Theatre Massimo, an immense building which towers above everything else in the town, does not open its doors till February; but in the meantime the Bellini, one of the smaller theatres, is giving a season of comic opera, and I have been to hear "L'Amico Fritz," which is of Mascagni. The theatre is the after-dinner lounge of everybody, newspapers are sold at the doors, the audience knows all the members of the orchestra and chats to them, and each singer has his personal friends "in front" who applaud him vigorously; but if anyone on the stage falls short of the requirements of the audience he or she is promptly informed of the fact.

There is a cathedral and a palace, a museum, and many other buildings which the guide-book insists should be seen; but I think that the only memories I shall retain of the orthodox sights are the view from the garden of the monastery of Monte Reale, a town half-way up the mountains, and the Chapel Palatine, a beautiful little royal church of grey marble and mosaics of scriptural subjects on a ground of gold glass tesserae. The view from the garden on the cliff over the valley of orange-gardens, the "Golden Shell," is lovely beyond description.





[Photos. Thomson.]

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MRS. JAFFRAY.

MRS. KEMP.

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## SOCIAL NOTES.

THE famous Lord Lyons always considered thirteen an exception-  
ally lucky number, and this is, perhaps, the view held by the  
latest of his successors at the Paris Embassy, Sir Francis  
Bertie, for last Friday saw him spending his first day in the beautiful,  
spacious house which was once the favourite residence of the lovely  
Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's cleverest sister. Lady Feodorowna Bertie  
will find many old friends in the French capital, for her own father  
was British Ambassador there during the brilliant days of the Second  
Empire, and his daughters, who were always specially distinguished by  
the Empress Eugénie, earned in the Court world the charming nick-  
names of "Les Anges du Silence." Sir Francis, who will probably  
receive a peerage within the next twelve months, was a great favourite  
with Queen Victoria, and the story is often told of how, on one  
occasion, the kindly Sovereign much startled the young diplomatist  
by suddenly addressing him at the beginning of a Royal dinner-party  
with the words, "I must ask you, Mr. Bertie, to be good enough not  
to sign your telegrams announcing your arrival 'Bertie,' as it makes  
me expect my eldest son and so causes me disappointment."

County and hunt balls seem more popular than ever, and large  
parties are being entertained in connection with these cheery functions  
all over the kingdom, among the smartest being those gatherings at  
Wilton House, where Lord and Lady Pembroke have a large family  
party for the Wiltshire County Ball, and at Grimsthorpe Castle, for  
Lady Ancaster always brings friends to the Stamford County Ball;  
while the new Countess of Suffolk is expected to make her début in  
her bridal rôle at the next county ball given in the neighbourhood of  
Lord Suffolk's splendid country home. Perhaps the most notable of  
coming hunt balls is that to be held at Derby on Feb. 1; there  
members of the Meynell Hunt will muster in great force, and the  
principal hostess will be Lady Noreen Bass.

Lord Moncreiff, who has retired from the position of a Judge of  
the Court of Session in Scotland, springs from a very ancient family  
which has taken in many generations a leading part in Scottish affairs.  
His father, the first Lord Moncreiff, was Lord Advocate in several  
Administrations, and was for twenty years Lord Justice Clerk in  
Scotland. In the late Lord's lifetime, the present Peer sat on the  
bench as Lord Wellwood, that being a name taken by ancestors who  
were eminent divines. He succeeded to the title of Baron Moncreiff  
ten years ago. He has been much esteemed as a careful and solid  
Judge, and his judgments were models of clear, good reasoning. The  
heir to the barony is his brother, who is Vicar of Tamworth, Warwick-  
shire. His sister is married to Lord Kinross, Lord President of the  
Court of Session.

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# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE KING'S HOSTESS AT DEAL CASTLE: LADY GEORGE HAMILTON.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE King's surprise visit to Walmer Castle and to Deal must have revived delightful childhood-memories, for as a little boy the then Prince of Wales was taken to Walmer by Queen Victoria, and was received by the "Iron Duke" himself. His Majesty intends, it is said, that the historic, sea-girt stronghold shall be put into thorough sanitary condition, for it is an open secret that Lady Curzon of Kedleston's serious illness was, in a measure, due to the state of her beautiful English home.

The King was received, both at Walmer and at Deal, by Lord George Hamilton, who is Deputy Lord of the Cinque Ports to Lord Curzon of Kedleston. After making a thorough inspection of the historic room where the great Duke of Wellington breathed his last, now the abiding-place of many relics of that hero's occupation of Walmer Castle, His Majesty lunched with Lord and Lady George Hamilton at Deal Castle. Lady George, who is one of the most prominent and popular of Conservative hostesses, is a sister of the Earl of Harewood, and has always been a *persona grata* at Court.

## The Prince of Wales's Irish Host.

Lord Ardilaun is the chief of the great Guinness clan, and he is in his own way quite as notable a man as is his younger brother, Lord Iveagh. The Prince of Wales's Irish host is, of course, famed for his truly splendid benefactions to the City of Dublin, and he is deservedly popular in the city which owes so much to that famous brewery which claims to be the largest in the world. Ashford House, where Lady Ardilaun will soon be entertaining one of the most remarkable house-parties ever brought together in Ireland, is a very imposing and splendid country mansion, situated close to the village of Cong, where died, something like nine hundred years ago, Roderick O'Connor, last King of Ireland. Ashford is one of the best sporting estates in the kingdom, and His Royal Highness will there indulge his decided taste for woodcock-shooting. Lady Ardilaun was, before her marriage, Lady Olivia White. She is one of the three feminine representatives of the extinct Earldom of Bantry, and not long ago Lord Ardilaun purchased Muckross Abbey, which was at one time in the possession of his wife's maternal ancestors.

## The Czar's Orders.

An extraordinary story concerning the Czar, certain of his officials, and Professor Tuxen, the well-known Danish painter, has been going the rounds of Copenhagen.

The Professor, it runs, recently handed over to the Czar a copy of his picture of the Coronation of King Edward commissioned by His Majesty, who expressed himself satisfied with the artist's work, and handed him an order on the Chamberlain's office for twelve thousand roubles, the price arranged. This was duly presented, but was met with eight thousand roubles only, and the statement that the Czar's orders are never paid in full. Had the painter not had a second audience with his illustrious patron, and had he not been asked whether he had received his fee, he would probably have been without the balance to-day. As it was, the Czar, "vexed but not surprised," himself paid the Professor the four thousand roubles in cash.

## Another Engaged M.P.

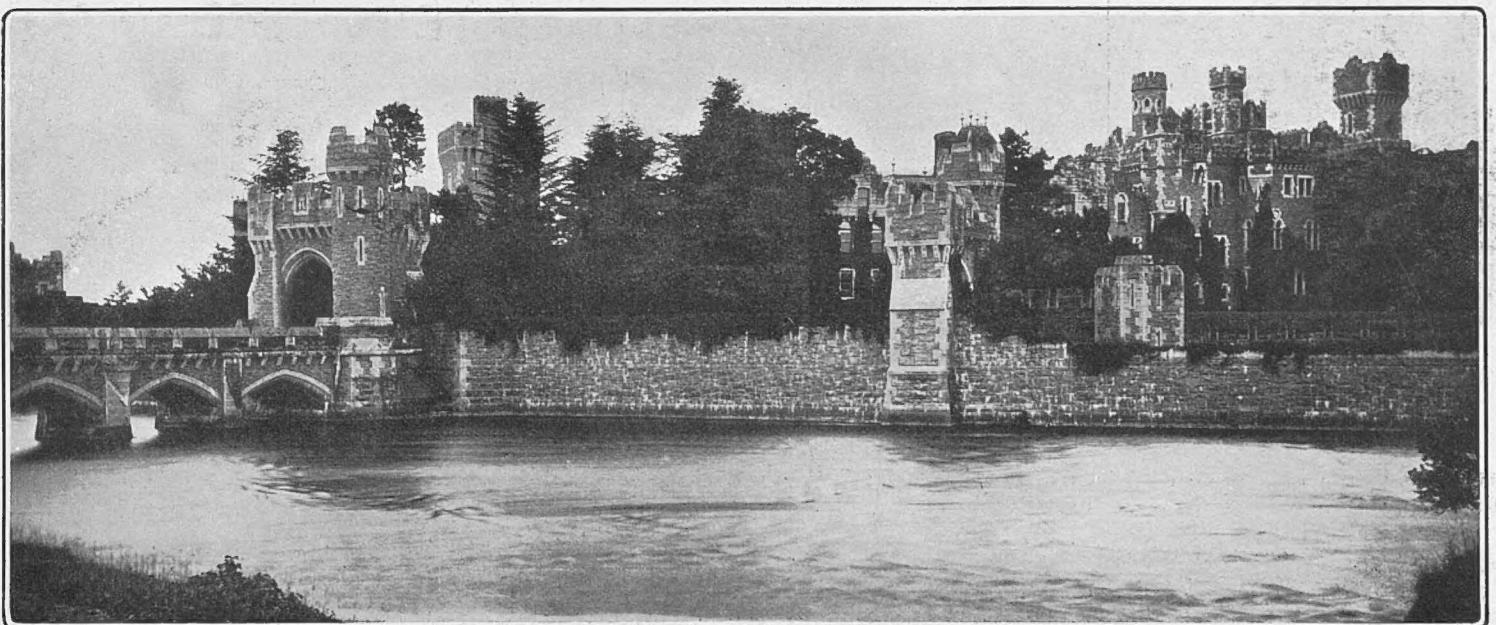
The engagement of a Scotch Liberal member, Mr. John Dewar, was announced a week or two ago. Now it is the turn of a Welsh Liberal, Mr. Samuel Evans, K.C. Mr. Evans is one of the cleverest men in the very clever group which represents "gallant little Wales." Tall and brisk, he has an intellectual countenance and a finely-shaped, high head, shaded with dark-grey hair. He is quick and incisive in speech, and subtle in criticism. Some years ago he took a prominent part in debate, and delighted the house by very caustic humour, but more recently he has been engrossed with his practice at the Bar. His marriage to the widow of the late Mr. H. de Pinto, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Rule, of Cincinnati, will take place next month. His first wife died in 1899.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S IRISH HOST: LORD ARDILAUN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin

To a strange House, with fresh faces and new manners, Mr. Cheetham has been returned by Stalybridge. He left it nearly twenty years ago, after being the colleague of the Duke of Devonshire's brother, Lord Edward Cavendish, in the representation of North Derbyshire. Since then he has made four unsuccessful efforts to get back, and now, at the ripe age of seventy years, he has been consoled for his defeats by capturing a seat for his Party. Mr. Cheetham is a type of member which is always welcome at St. Stephen's—the member with great local interests, who can speak from experience of the business of his constituency; he is a Cotton Prince of Stalybridge.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES IS TO BE ENTERTAINED BY LORD AND LADY ARDILAUN: ASHFORD HOUSE NEAR CONG.

Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.



*Patrons of the  
Grantham Industrial Exhibition.*

The fashionable world is, indeed, taking an interest in industrial matters, and perhaps the social critic would find one of to-day's (18th) fixtures of peculiar moment, for the Duchess of Portland is to open the Grantham Industrial Exhibition this morning. To-morrow another fair wearer of the strawberry-leaves, the Duchess of Sutherland, whose splendid efforts on behalf of leadless glaze are well known, will perform a similar ceremony; and on Friday the prettiest of ducal debutantes, Lady Marjorie Manners, the grand-daughter of the Duke of Rutland—that most venerable and convinced follower of Mr. Chamberlain—will present the prizes. The Duchess of Portland takes a deep,



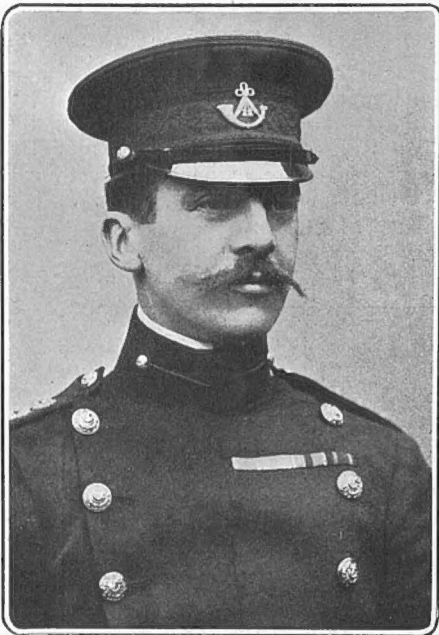
THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, OPENS THE EXHIBITION TO-MORROW.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*

if unobtrusive, interest in the welfare of her working neighbours at Welbeck, and she has been the life and soul of that Society which aims at protecting the plumage of our feathered songsters from the ruthless lovers of dress. The mistress of Stafford House is one of the most energetic of working great ladies. Lady Marjorie Manners is said to be stepping in the artistic footsteps of her mother, Lady Granby.

*A Treasure-Seeking  
Earl.*

It would appear that in prospecting for coal in the islands of the Pacific Lord Fitzwilliam had diamonds other than black—to say nothing of gold-hilted swords, gem-studded ornaments, bullion, and gold and silver ingots—in view. His destination would seem to have been Cocos Island, which lies some five hundred miles south-west of Panama and has its chief claim to fame in the fact that it is the



A TREASURE-SEEKING EARL: LORD FITZWILLIAM.

*Photograph by C. Vandyk.*

reputed stronghold of two hoards of hidden treasure of fabulous value. The first of these is said to have been deposited in the year 1821 by a British ship that had turned pirate; the second to consist of the treasures of the Peruvian town of Callao, which, threatened with revolution and pillage in 1835, entrusted her wealth to the crew of the barquentine *Mary Dier*, only to be betrayed and to have her valuables stolen and buried in some place unknown. Lord Fitzwilliam, the head of the supposed expedition, was born in Canada in 1872, and succeeded to the title when he was thirty years of age. He is a Captain in the 4th Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, served in the Transvaal War, was M.P. for Wakefield for some

*Lord Fitzwilliam's  
Companion.*

seven years, is patron of a score of livings, and is married to Lady Maud Frederica Elizabeth, daughter of the first Marquis of Zetland. Amongst Lord Fitzwilliam's party on the *Véronique*—formerly, by the way, the *Harlech Castle*—was Admiral Palliser, and it is his presence with the Earl that accounts in large measure for the romantic rumours that



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS, DISTRIBUTES THE PRIZES ON FRIDAY.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

TITLED PATRONS OF THE GRANTHAM INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

has shown himself a truer diplomat than many, remembering his telegrams and the alarums and excursions they have caused, would allow him to be. For months past there has been evident a parrot-cry that the sympathies of Germany are entirely with Russia, and it is this cry that the Kaiser, doubtless, desires to stifle. "Favour the Czar?" he has now said in effect. "Certainly not. I am impartial, the holder of the scales. Does not this act of mine prove it?" Those members of His Majesty's Government who usually agree to differ over such matters and who were careful to explain that their Imperial master's bestowal of the coveted Black Eagle upon Lord Roberts during the South African War was merely the exercise of a personal prerogative and of no political significance will have little cause to grumble on this occasion. They may, indeed, echo the words written on the Japanese arch through which the heroic garrison of Port Arthur marched out of its fallen stronghold—"This is the road to Peace"! For, although "Russia's sorrow is Germany's sorrow," Japan's joy, as the *Vorwärts* has it, is evidently Germany's joy.

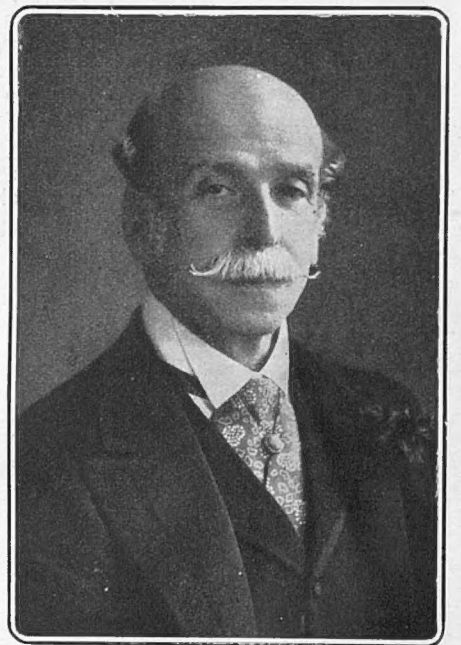
There seem to be fewer bachelor-hosts than was once the case in London Society, but of those who remain to show the twentieth century how to entertain none can rival Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. "Mr. Alfred," as he is universally called, comes, as regards age, between Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold Rothschild, but, in spite of their example, he has preferred to remain single. His beautiful house in Seamore Place contains one of the finest private art-collections in the world, and yet the lovely rooms have a singularly uncrowded look. Of Mr. de Rothschild's treasures, perhaps his favourites are the Romneys—which include a Lady Hamilton—Reynolds' "Miss Angelo," the three Gainsboroughs which shed the light of their beauty on the dining-room, and two of the most famous Greuzes in existence. Mr. de Rothschild's country home, Halton, is curiously like a French château in architecture and arrangement, and here again our host has collected many priceless works of art.

In conferring the "Ordre pour le Mérite" upon Generals Nogi and Stoessel, the Kaiser



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, INAUGURATES THE EXHIBITION TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

There seem to be fewer bachelor-hosts than was once the case in London Society, but of those who remain to show the twentieth century how to entertain none can rival Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. "Mr. Alfred," as he is universally called, comes, as regards age, between Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold Rothschild, but, in spite of their example, he has preferred to remain single. His beautiful house in Seamore Place contains one of the finest private art-collections in the world, and yet the lovely rooms have a singularly uncrowded look. Of Mr. de Rothschild's treasures, perhaps his favourites are the Romneys—which include a Lady Hamilton—Reynolds' "Miss Angelo," the three Gainsboroughs which shed the light of their beauty on the dining-room, and two of the most famous Greuzes in existence. Mr. de Rothschild's country home, Halton, is curiously like a French château in architecture and arrangement, and here again our host has collected many priceless works of art.



A POPULAR BACHELOR-HOST: MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



*The Children of  
Mr. and Mrs.  
Alfred Lyttelton.*

Few children belonging to the great English world start life with fairer chances than do the youthful son and daughter of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Already, Master Oliver Lyttelton is proving himself a chip of the old block in the matter of



MISS MARY LYTTELTON, DAUGHTER OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by McCaul.

*"Domesticity and  
the Drama."*

Under the title of "Domesticity and the Drama," a contemporary publishes an amusing interview with Mrs. H. B. Irving, whose little daughter, Elizabeth, is said to already show signs of her famous grandfather's wonderful histrionic gift. Few baby girls start life so pleasantly and with greater chance of ultimate distinction in the most absorbing of professions, for while her father is Mr. H. B. Irving, her mother is still affectionately known to playgoers as Miss Dorothea Baird, the first and unforgettable Trilby. Mrs. H. B. Irving, much as she loves domesticity, is devoted to the drama, and she was delighted to return to the stage, after a two years' absence, in a fairy-play as whimsical as "Peter Pan." Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving are among the increasing circle of well-known Londoners who have set up their household gods in Bloomsbury, and there they live with their two children, of whom the eldest, Laurence Irving No. 2, is eight years old, and the most devoted of his baby sister's many slaves.



DOMESTICITY AND THE STAGE: MRS. H. B. IRVING (MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD) AND HER BABY GIRL.

Photograph by Garstin and Antrobus.

*The Monaco  
Regatta.*

Visitors to the Riviera will be interested to learn that the regatta at Monaco promises to be a great success this year, and that last week the number of entries was already a hundred and three as against eighty-one last year, and, no doubt, before the entries closed the number was increased. There were thirty-nine racers entered against thirty-five last year, and fifty-one cruisers against thirty-three. The number of smaller yachts is also larger than it was last year, and there is every prospect of a splendid race for the Mediterranean Cup.

*The King of  
Saxony.*

If the King of Saxony is not more careful he will run the risk of being had up for *lèse-majesté*. When he was swearing in his recruits at the end of the year, he made a speech which has not attracted as much attention as it deserved, not so much for the matter of his speech as for the words which he used in delivering it. The King established a precedent by addressing the recruits not by the usual pronoun "Ihr," which is a sort of second-class "you," but by the pronoun "Sie," which is far more polite and has never before been used on such an occasion. What the Kaiser said when he heard of this innovation has not yet been made known, but it was, no doubt, something very much to the point.

*King Leopold's  
Japanese Palace.*

The prediction, made not so very long ago, that in a few years everything would be Japanese



MASTER OLIVER LYTTELTON, SON OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by McCaul.

is receiving slight confirmation. We learn from the *Standard* that King Leopold has now entered into possession of the new Japanese Palace in the Royal Park at Laeken, and, what is still more important, that the Palace is really Japanese. Each of its several wings contains half-a-dozen drawing-rooms, and for each of these drawing-rooms the best artists in Tokio have been employed to provide furniture, ornaments, sculptures, screens, and paintings. The Shah will be received in the new Palace when he visits the King next summer, and will, doubtless, be duly impressed with the glory emanating from the two thousand electric-lights by which it is illuminated.

*A Fox in a  
Pantry.*

A hunted fox will take refuge in all sorts of queer places—for instance, up a chimney—but quite as awkward a place as any for a kill is a pantry. On the last day of the old year the Tedworth hounds met at Idmiston and ran a fox across the downs to Little Durnford and into the grounds of the daughters



MISS GWENDOLEN MARSHALL, DAUGHTER OF SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, AS A "SPANISH GIPSY" AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Wayland.



MISS NELLIE MARSHALL, DAUGHTER OF SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, AS A "FRENCH FISHER-GIRL" AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Wayland.

of the late squire of the village. The hounds were close at his brush, and, seeing the door open, the fox dashed into the house and into the pantry, followed by three or four of the pack. The door of the pantry got shut by the struggling animals, and it was all that the huntsman could do to force it open. The fox was quickly killed and the brush was presented to the ladies whose house he had so unceremoniously invaded. Happily, the glass and china escaped without any damage, in spite of the scrimmage and kill.



*This Week's Wedding.*

To-morrow (19th) will take place, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, the marriage of Viscount Barrington and Mrs. Arden Birch. The latter, a charming and cultivated woman, will be an admirable addition to the twentieth-century Peeresses. She comes of good military stock—she is the daughter of the late Major Stopford—and the wedding will bring together many well-known people. Lord Barrington's best man will be Sir William Barrington, and the future Viscountess—who is to be married in petunia velvet, instead of in the traditional grey or mauve—will be given away by her son, Mr. John Stopford Birch.

*The New Viscount Hawarden.*

The Earldom of Montalt became extinct with the death of the first holder of the title a few days ago, but the Viscounty of Hawarden, an older creation by some five-and-ninety years, and the Barony de Montalt, an older creation still, descend to the late Peer's cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Henry Maude, a grandson of the first Viscount, and son of the Hon. and Rev. R. W. Maude, Dean of Clogher. The new Viscount is in his sixty-third year, but is still a straight rider to hounds, as well as a devotee of the rod and the gun. He served in the 7th Fusiliers for four-and-twenty years. Since his retirement he has fallen back upon rural pursuits, and has settled down to a quiet life at White Hill Chase, West Liss, Hampshire. Mr. Cyril Maude is amongst his relatives.

*Titled Revivalists!* There has always been a section of the great English world taking an intense—it might almost be said, a painful—interest in the religious movements of the day. The latest of these, which is to take the form of a series of revival meetings at the Albert Hall, has many distinguished supporters amongst that party which hails Lady Wimborne as its chief. One of the remarkable daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, Lady Wimborne has great organising power, and her Ladies' League has adherents all over the kingdom. Associated with her in connection with the forthcoming religious revival is Lady Kinnaird, who, together with her husband, is so well known in the Low Church world, the Dowager Lady Leitrim, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, and the Dowager Lady Lichfield, who is a sister of the Mistress of the Robes and of the Duke of Abercorn. Many other well-known leaders of evangelical

*Zola's Manuscripts.*

The manuscripts of Émile Zola, which have been presented to the French nation by his widow, are now shown to the public in the Bibliothèque Nationale, bound in ninety volumes, of which sixty are manuscripts and thirty are corrected proofs. It took several months to bind the volumes, for Zola wrote all across the paper, without leaving any margin whatever, and so each leaf had to be mounted separately on a guard. The manuscripts show Zola's method of writing his novels. First of all, he drew up a scenario; then he collected all the documents, personal experiences, and newspaper cuttings which bore on his subject, and then, finally, he went straight ahead with the writing of the novel. Both his manuscripts and his proofs are remarkably free from corrections and alterations.

*Cecil Rhodes's Sister.*

The obituary notices of the late Miss Edith Rhodes were in error in stating that she was the only sister of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. As a matter of fact, the eldest sister, Miss Louisa Rhodes, is still alive, as is also a half-sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Rhodes, who married her cousin in 1855. Miss Edith Rhodes was five years older than her brother, of whom she was very fond, and frequently kept house for him both in England and in South Africa. The late Canon Rhodes had by his second wife, Louisa, sister of Anthony Peacock, M.P., of Rauceby Hall, Lincolnshire, a family of nine sons and two daughters, of whom Cecil was the seventh child and the fifth son, not the fourth, as is usually stated.

*London's New Police-Magistrate.*

London has now a new Metropolitan Police Magistrate in the person of the Hon. John Augustus de Grey, son of the fifth Baron Walsingham, heir-presumptive to his half-brother, the sixth Baron, and a member of the Bar of over thirty years' standing. Mr. de Grey, who, of course, takes the place of Mr. James Shiel, has been Recorder of Sudbury and Recorder of King's Lynn. He is married to Elizabeth Henrietta, daughter of Patrick Grant, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

*Golf in Italy.*

The Italians have taken up golf with much energy of late and the game has now become quite fashionable amongst them. Several Clubs have been established



[Photograph by Jenkins.]



[Photograph by Lafayette.]

VISCOUNT BARRINGTON AND MRS. ARDEN BIRCH, TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).



LADY KINNAIRD.

[Photograph by the Cameron Studio.]



LADY WIMBORNE.

[Photograph by Lafayette, London.]



THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

[Photograph by Maull and Fox.]

TITLED REVIVALISTS: LADY WORKERS ON THE ORGANISATION COMMITTEE OF THE PROPOSED EVANGELISING "MISSION," TO BE OPENED AT THE ALBERT HALL ON THE FOURTH OF NEXT MONTH.

society are taking a deep interest in the proceedings, which are to open on Feb. 4, and amongst those who are in a sense connected with the Court world may be mentioned Lady Edith Acheson, the sister of Lord Gosford, and Lady Susan Byng, who was an attached younger friend of the late Queen Victoria.

already. A few days ago, the Rome Golf Club played a match against the members of the Florence Golf Club, and in the evening gave a grand dinner to the Florence team, at which the table decorations took the form of the Club-house at Rome and of the links belonging to the Club, the whole being artistically designed in flowers.



PROBABLY TO FOLLOW "VÉRONIQUE."



M. CLAUDE TERRASSE'S COMIC OPERA, "LE SIRE DE VERGY"—SCENE TWO OF THE SECOND ACT.

*It is understood that an English adaptation of "Le Sire de Vergy" will be presented at the Apollo when a successor to "Véronique" is needed. Mr. Arthur Sturgess will be responsible for the translation.*

DRAWN BY FORTUNINO MATANIA. (SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")



## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT is an unfortunate fact that genius is not hereditary and that brilliant men are frequently the fathers of duffers. Apparently Count Leo Tolstoy, son of the celebrated author, is a case in point. His father's name will be handed down to future generations, and the son—well, his recent article in the *Novoe Vremya* speaks for him in terms that cannot be considered flattering. Writing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, he declares that by her compact with the "yellow skins" Great Britain is preparing her own downfall, and that a people cannot bring itself into contact with "savages" without subsequent demoralisation. Indeed, this sapient observer goes on to state that the Anglo-Japanese alliance shows Great Britain to be tending already towards savagery, and to be paving the way for her own moral bankruptcy. All this nonsense would be unworthy of notice but for the glamour lent to it by the author's parentage. At a time like the present, when Russia's power has received so shrewd a blow and her Asiatic prestige has suffered so severely, some random writing may be expected in the interests of the highly-placed men who brought the *débâcle* about, and it may be condoned accordingly, but there are circumstances that make young Count Tolstoy's vapourings particularly absurd. They are worth noting here.

In the first place, the attack upon "yellow skins" came most unfortunately, at a moment when the gallant defenders of Port Arthur were being treated with all possible consideration by their brave conquerors. Had the Japanese really been uncivilised, they would have treated the poor remains of the fort's defenders in quite another fashion. It has been one of the redeeming features of the unhappy struggle now raging in Manchuria that where slaughter has been avoidable the Japanese have avoided it. If the Russians had been victorious, massacre would have been hard to avoid, because Russia has built up her position in Asia upon the basis of terrorising the Asiatics, and would not, perhaps could not, have departed from it. Even to-day, educated Russians are speaking of the possibilities of a Russo-Japanese alliance. These matters should be well known to Count Tolstoy the younger, and might well have served to curb his irresponsible pen.

*London Rumours.* Surely there are few cities that can boast finer rumours than those that come to London and enjoy a wide circulation without suffering publication. In cold print they would look absurd, but moving from man to man and gathering strength of details in their flight they become quite worthy of attention. In the past fortnight, for example, what a number of idle tongues have been wagging about our strained relations with Germany! First, the Kaiser had told the Czar that, if this country took decisive steps in the matter of the Baltic Fleet outrage, he would invade England at the

head of four hundred thousand men. The disposition of our fleet and the despatch of certain men-of-war from the then Channel Squadron to Portland have been held to confirm this rumour. Since then we have been assured that Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse are quarrelling violently, and the Sim Tappertits of Clubland say, gloomily, "Something will come of this. Let us hope it will not be human gore." Official denials do nothing to check these stories. "If there had been no truth, there would have been no denial," say the wisecracks.

For some months past we have been suffering from public inquiry into the condition of our faith, and to-day we are threatened with

a book that is to embody the wisdom of the sages who took prominent part in the discussion. I did not follow the inquiry very far, and my brief pursuit left me with an idea that belief is not very firmly fixed in these islands. Since then it has relieved me to find that there is a part of the world where Christians believe so firmly that they are prepared to do battle for their beliefs. Reports from Palestine show that the Latin and Greek clergy have had some serious fighting. This would be regrettable at any time, though one realises that, from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee, Palestine is full of men who like to make bitter expression of their faith. But, to make matters worse, the place that saw the free-fight was Bethlehem, the actual damage was done by the northern entrance to the Grotto of the Nativity, and the occasion was the celebration of the Christmas Midnight Mass (Greek date). Surely these brawling men would do well to exchange a part of their superfluous belief for some of the reverence of an educated Agnostic.

Why did the late M. Deputy Syveton assault General André? The proceeding was not dignified, it was not humorous, and, outside the Dual Empire, such unprovoked

attacks are not even considered good form. If M. Syveton had been more restrained, the fierce light of publicity would not have shone upon his painful end and we should not find the friendly nation divided into hostile camps and offering at the shrine of the dead the reputation of the living. "L'Affaire Syveton" threatens to assume the ugliest proportions, and, as is always the case in France, it is being turned to political account, as far as the perverted ingenuity of a section of the Press can work the transformation. There are occasions when one regrets the liberty of the Press and wishes that a certain wise censorship could be established to forbid references to cases like this until the duly constituted authorities have decided them on their legal merits. Then a brief announcement of the judicial decision would satisfy the public mind, without pandering to the public's lower instincts.



Madame Ménard.

Madame Syveton.

CHIEF FIGURES IN THE SENSATIONAL SYVETON AFFAIR: MADAME SYVETON, THE DEAD DEPUTY'S WIDOW, AND MADAME MÉNARD, HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Stebbing.



MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE IN HER LATEST TRIUMPH.



THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE EMPIRE AS BÉBÉ

IN THE NEW BALLET, "THE DANCING DOLL."

*Photographs by the Biograph Studio.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"DIE WEBER"—"PUBLIC QUESTION PLAYS"—LIMITATIONS OF OUR DRAMA—EXTENSION OF THE MERMAID SOCIETY.

SINCE last week there has been no noteworthy event in the playhouses save the production of "Die Weber" at the German Theatre, and I write half apologetically concerning a work so utterly foreign to the spirit of modern English drama. Yet Hauptmann's piece, "The Weavers," has made a prodigious stir on the Continent, and may be regarded as the most important production during the present season of the Teutonic players, who for some years past have been setting an excellent example to our managements by reliance for success exclusively upon quality of play and excellence of acting throughout even long casts. Let me describe "Die Weber" in the manner that would be adopted by those who talk scornfully of "the serious student of drama." It is a play almost destitute of a plot, gloomy and painful, ending without a conclusion, possessing neither hero nor heroine, and making no concession to the public taste for gaiety, prettiness, or humour. On the other hand, it is a deeply moving, intensely interesting, severe tragedy which, represented by an able and enthusiastic Company, caused a deep impression. The facts of it may be stated simply. It concerns a strike, ending in bloodshed, of a number of German factory hands, weavers who revolt against a reduction of their wages, already inadequate—hardly, indeed, enough to pay for black bread and water. Scene after scene, Act after Act is devoted to showing the birth and growth of a rebellious spirit in the down-trodden workers, egged on by one of their number who, having become a soldier, has broader ideas of life than those who have stayed at home. The climax and conclusion come at the death of old Hilse, a weaver who, despite his suffering from grinding poverty and that of his household, opposes the movement because he thinks it is in opposition to the wishes of God, who would not permit the weavers to be so oppressed if it were not his will. Hilse is killed accidentally by the soldiers sent to suppress the strike, and the play closes without showing what is the fate of the really hopeless rebellion.

Wherein lies the interest, even fascination, of this work which has enthralled thousands of playgoers? In the fact, no doubt, that real technical skill is allied with sincerity and with a stubborn determination to keep to the subject, and yet that in some mysterious way it is illuminated by imagination. The piece is what one may call a "public question" play—a term I use because the valuable phrase "problem play" has acquired an unfortunate secondary meaning confining it to matters concerning illicit love. It is a remarkable fact, or must seem so to a foreigner, that we import all, or almost all, our "public question" plays. With little effort of memory, I can remember several of the class given of late years: "The Lower Depths," "The Power of Darkness," "Drink," "A Doll's House," and "The Good Hope," all of them foreign. I can recall none of English origin, save those in which the "public question," after making a great show for an Act or two, has become mere accessory to an ordinary conventional piece. "It is Never Too Late to Mend," with its prison business, is a good example of the English method. I do not doubt the existence of other pieces that can be said to belong to this "public question" group, such as "Judah," "The Middleman,"

and "Man and Wife," but they and the rest appear subject to the remarks I have made concerning Charles Reade's melodrama.

Now there are many people quite contented that drama should keep off public questions, and it is generally assumed that the Lord Chamberlain takes this view. It is, I believe, a fact that he prohibited a scene dealing with the matter of "ragging" in the Army. Nevertheless, in a country such as Germany, which in many aspects of life is groaning for lack of liberty, a play like "Zapfenstreich," bitter against the army spirit, has fought its way to admittance, whilst "Die Weber," despite the scandal it created, has, after a struggle, received official sanction. It seems strange that in the land which we proudly regard as the mother-home of liberty there should be any censorship of plays, except perhaps—and even this is doubtful—on the ground of decency. Probably it is this exclusion of the large questions of human life from the domain of drama which has obliged our dramatists to pirouette in the air and has caused the present peculiar stagnation. Without an occasional return to earth and descent to dealing with the real facts of human life, our playwrights, naturally, are apt to exhibit some want of virility. It would be idle to put all the blame upon the Censor, whose hand could, I believe, be forced by the public, except, maybe, in the matter of party politics.

Possibly it is wise to exclude party politics from the stage, where certainly they could not be treated with impartiality. It is, however, unfortunate that such a powerful medium for the propagation of ideas should remain aloof from other themes of public life and occupy itself exclusively with the lives of

particular individuals or, worse still, particular puppets; for not only is a powerful agency for reform lost, but our drama grows anæmic for want of fresh ideas—it is becoming moribund, as families and clans do from inter-breeding. The constant confinement of ideas for the theatre to ideas from the theatre is bound to have the sterilising result commonly seen in limited classes kept artificially pure by limitation of area of marriage. What on earth would have become of our drama but for the foreign invasions and services of the adapters and translators? Perhaps, in despair, our dramatists would have gone to the human life around them for aid.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS JULIET—APPEARING IN MANCHESTER.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Mermaid Society. Although some of its recent productions did not set London aflame, they attracted the attention and interest of some people of power who see in Mr. Carr and the Society the means of making a tentative effort to establish the repertory theatre so often talked of. It is to be a theatre for Shakspeare, old English comedies and tragedies, and modern works (foreign and English) "not likely to be produced in the ordinary course"—such, for instance, I hope, as Ibsen's splendid, thrilling tragedy "The Pretenders." A London theatre (West-End, I believe) is to be engaged this year for a spring and autumn season, and in 1906 the theatre, perhaps, will be running during the whole twelve months.



MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS AS ROMEO—APPEARING IN MANCHESTER.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE," AT TERRY'S.



MRS. LANGTRY IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF MR. PERCY FENDALL'S LIGHT COMEDY,

'TO BE PRODUCED TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY).

*Photograph by the Photolinol Studios.*



## "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr. Fred Terry).

*Sir Percy Blakeney makes it his business in life to rescue "cursed aristocrats" from the clutches of the French mob, and to convey them to England. For this purpose, he is known to his familiars and assistants as "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and under cover of this name he is singularly successful in his enterprise. He is here shown, disguised as a carter, smuggling refugees past the West Barricade, Paris (1792).*



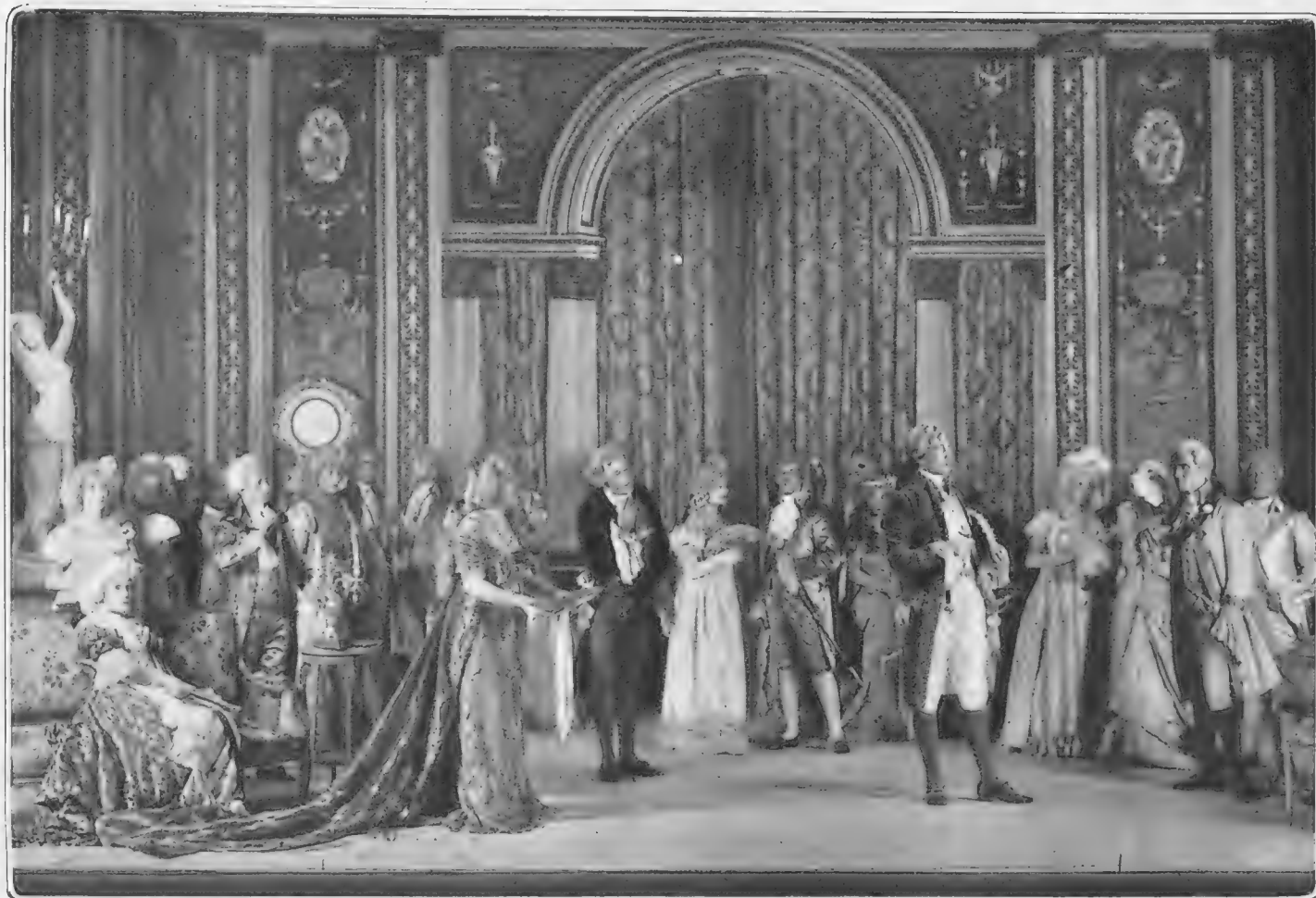
Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr. Fred Terry).

*Chauvelin, an Envoy from the French Revolutionists, who is charged with the task of discovering "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in order that his Government may wreak its vengeance upon its defier, learns that the man he seeks will be found alone in the ball-room of Lord Grenville's house in London at a certain hour. Accordingly, he puts in an appearance at that time, only to have the chagrin of finding the apparently drunk and helpless Sir Percy.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY.



"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Lady Blakeney (Miss Julia Neilson). Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr. Fred Terry).

Prince of Wales (Mr. Rudge Harding).

*The ball-room at Lord Grenville's house is held in suspicion by Chauvelin, who knows that the mysterious "Scarlet Pimpernel" will be amongst the guests there. The spy is welcomed to the ball as the accredited Envoy of the French Government, and loses no time in following his trade.*



Chauvelin, the French Envoy (Mr. Horace Hodges).

Lady Blakeney (Miss Julia Neilson).

*Chauvelin persuades Lady Blakeney, who is not aware of the dual identity of her husband, to spy for him, using as a lever his power over her brother, Armand St. Just, who has been proven an enemy of the Revolutionary Party in France. She does his work for a time, but eventually discovers the true state of affairs, is instrumental in rescuing her husband and her brother, and aids in the outwitting of Chauvelin.*

## THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I.



The Willy Grasser.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



I.—THE LION COMIQUE.

"WELL ROARED, LION."—"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

MISS ZENA DARE'S SUCCESSOR IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."



MISS MAIE ASH AS ANGELA AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*



MR. GEORGE GRAVES'S SUCCESSOR IN "VÉRONIQUE."



MR. JOHN LE HAY AS MONS. COQUENARD AT THE APOLLO.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE *Booklover's Magazine* contains a careful and almost exhaustive article on Stevenson's view of Woman by Kate Leslie Smith.

Miss Smith explains that the dedication of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is to Stevenson's cousin, Katherine de Mattos. The longest and most interesting of the dedications to woman is that in "Prince Otto" to his sister-in-law, Nellie Van de Grift (Mrs. Adolfo Sanchez, of Monterey). Stevenson's devotion to his American wife is described as whole-hearted and all-absorbing. "It seems to be the general opinion of their friends that the attachment was founded on esteem, congeniality, admiration, and sympathy on both sides, and had in it also the elements of a grand passion. . . . It is certainly most unusual for a man's devotion to his wife to include her children by her divorced husband—nay, even her grandchild—yet such was the case with Stevenson."

In his book, "Exits and Entrances," Mr. C. W. Stoddard throws a somewhat new light on Stevenson's personality. Mr. Stoddard's wide experience in the South Seas gives him authority when he speaks of the effects of tropical laxity on a man of Stevenson's temperament. He considers the tropics the truest test of a man's moral integrity, and says that Stevenson "was not likely to blanch his cheek at the apparition of a wave crested with nudities, nor was the apotheosis of the flesh destined in any wise to disturb the eye, or distract the imagination, or derange the delicate palate of a valetudinarian such as he." Mr. Stoddard characterises Stevenson as a man whose sympathies were literary and artistic, whose intimacies were born and bred above the ears, and laments that in a man of his nobility, consummate art, and wit he finds no flesh-tint.

No review of Stevenson's attitude to women would be complete without a reference to Mrs. Sitwell, now Mrs. Sidney Colvin, the friend who bore so large a part in his development and encouragement during his transition period. It was under her influence that he began, for the first time, to believe in his own powers. During the most unhappy and unsettled years of his life, he sent her journal-letters made up almost weekly, chronicling his moods and doings, while his letters to his friends in general were snappy and infrequent. A long time after, he wrote to her from Hyères: "If I am here and happy I know to whom I owe it; I know who made my way for me in life, if that were all, and I remain, with love, your faithful friend, Robert Louis Stevenson."

Mr. W. H. Griffin, who is, I believe, a brother-in-law of Mr. E. V. Lucas, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a valuable paper on the relations between Alfred Domett and Robert Browning. Domett was the original of Browning's fascinating picture of Waring, the man of a thousand possibilities. Domett's early promise as a poet was hardly realised. He had a fairly successful career in New Zealand, and

returned late in life to publish a volume which attracted little attention. After his return to England in 1872, Browning for thirteen years kept a diary, to which Mr. Griffin has had access. This contains reminiscences of Browning's earliest days. Browning as a schoolboy went to the academy of the Rev. Thomas Ready, at Peckham. It is believed that this was the school at which Goldsmith was a most wretched usher. The place is pulled down now. Browning had unhappy recollections of his experience. His years there seemed in memory to have been passed in undiluted misery. Of the Browning circle in these far-off years at Camberwell, Domett gives an attractive picture. The mother was proud of her son, and he was most affectionate towards her. The father was a dry-as-dust, undersized

man, rather reserved, and very fond of old engravings, which he collected. He used to speak of his son as beyond him, and this was very pardonable, considering "Paracelsus" and "Sordello." But father and mother and only son and only daughter formed a most united, harmonious, and intellectual family.

In the new edition of D. G. Rossetti's poems are included three pieces not previously published: "Dennis Shand: a Ballad"; a sonnet, "After the French Liberation of Italy," and a sonnet, "After the German Subjugation of France." "Nuptial Sleep," the poem withdrawn by Rossetti partly on account of the comments of Robert Buchanan, has been re-inserted. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has contributed nearly thirty pages of characteristic notes.

The statistics of new books and new editions published during 1904 show that 6,456 new books appeared, and 1,878 new editions. There is a decrease on the new books from 1903, which yielded a harvest of 6,690. On the other hand, there is an increase in new editions, of which 1,682 were published in 1903. The fiscal controversy has been the theme of many works; novels

are stationary; books of biography and history have increased by eighty; in *belles lettres* there is a falling off of nearly a hundred. Novels are still by much the most numerous class, 1,731 being issued during the year. But too much stress must not be laid upon these figures. The register of new editions is very imperfect. Many publishers distinguish between an impression and an edition, confining the word "edition" to issues where there is some change in the text, and there are other sources of error. Happily, the number of new books is not increasing in any marked degree, though it is not likely to decrease.

Among the novels already announced for the spring are "Progress," by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham; "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"; "Gossip," by Benjamin Swift; "The House of Barnkirk," by Amy McLaren; "John Fletcher's Madonna," by Mrs. Comyns Carr; and "In Search of the Unknown," by Robert W. Chambers.

O. O.

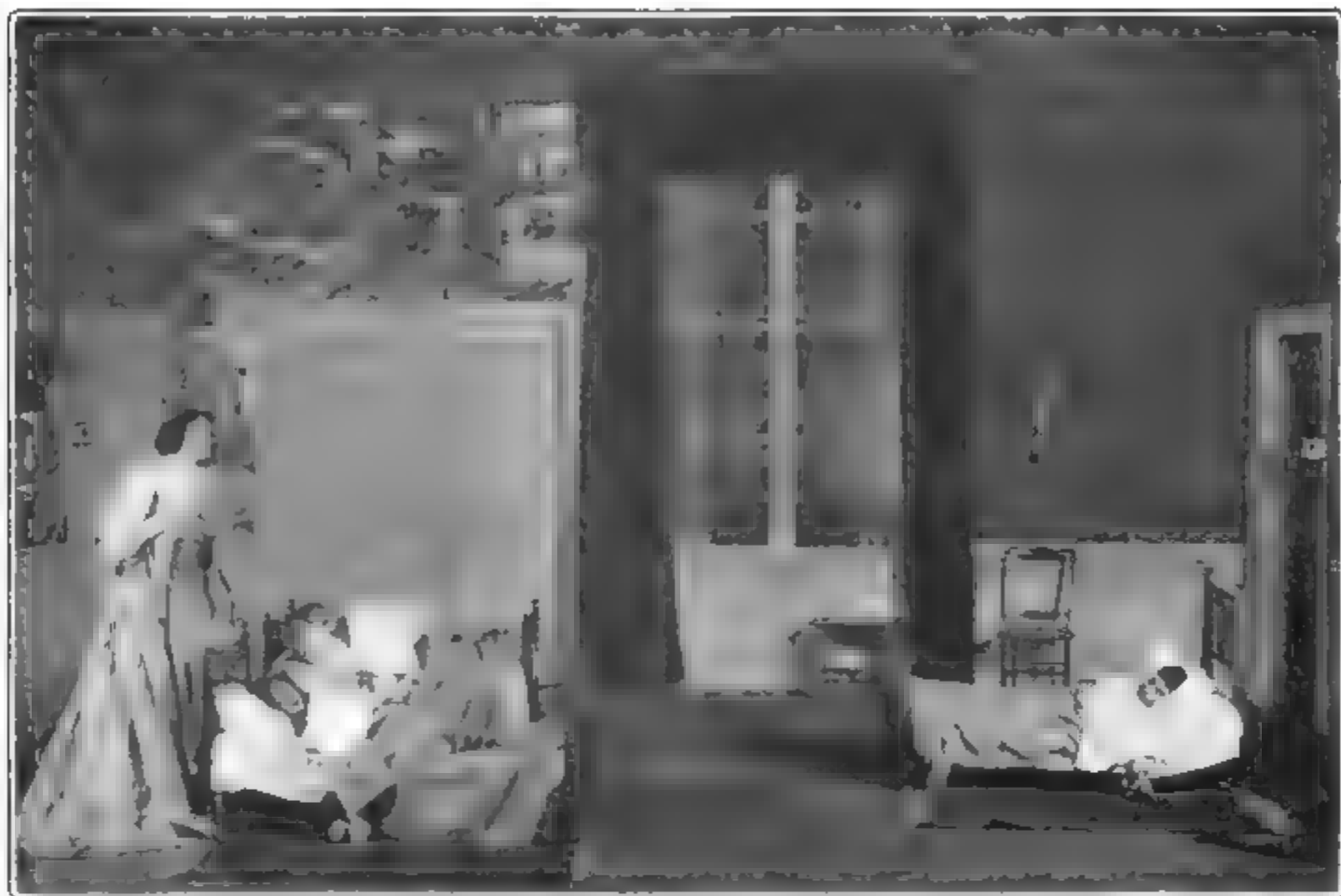


"NAH THEN, GUV'NOR, 'URRY UP, AND YOU'LL CATCH THE 2.40!"

DRAWN BY "PIRKIS."



"PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S



MISS JANE M. DUNN, AS THE FAIRY, AND MR. H. J. W. WOOD, AS THE DUKE OF YORK, IN A SCENE FROM "PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, LAST NIGHT.



PETER PAN, MISS DUNN, AND THE FAIRY, AND OTHER SCENES FROM THE PLAY, AS PERFORMED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, LAST NIGHT.

THE NEW YORK TIMES





# T GROW UP," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



THE AN. MRS. DAR. NG. N. PE. ER. PAN. S. AND. S. AND. B.  
 CHES. P. THE. PIR. A. A. HES. A. N. A. P. N. A. A. A. A. A.  
 SE. N. Y. R. H. A. R. I. S. O. N. P. A. M. S. P. E. T. E. R.

3. PR. A. V. A. S. E. IN. C. A. M. C. O. D. I. D. R. O. N. M. D. OF THE. D. S. O. R. A. T. N. O.  
 H. S. M. E. A. D. E. F. F. I. A. C. O. K. T. E. E. P. R. A. T. D. E. A. N. H. E. G. R. A. C. I. C. M. A. T. R. I. A.  
 6. P. E. T. E. R. P. A. N. S. C. O. T. E. S. H. E. S. A. T. H. W.  
 1. T. P. M. E. M. B. E. R. P. E. T. E. R. P. A. N. S. D. A. N. A. T. O. N. T. H. E. I. R. W. A. Y. H. O. M. E. A. R. E. C. A. P. T. U. R. E. D. B. Y. T. H. E. P. I. R. A. T. E. S.

and others

"PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S



THE SCENE AND WENT TO THE REHEARSAL, NEW YORK, 1904



THE CHILDREN AND THE DUKE OF YORK'S REHEARSAL, NEW YORK, 1904



A "COLISEUM" WITCH.



MISS MADGE LESSING.

"WHEN DE OWLS AM A-HOOTIN', AN' DE STARS AM A-SHOOTIN',  
JUST WATCH OUT——"

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.*

*Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.*



VIII.

"DANCING—A FEW SMART, YOUNG DANCING-MEN SUPPLIED AT SHORTEST NOTICE."



A PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.—EXPOUNDED BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE WOULD-BE SAMARITAN : Well, my poor man, and how 'is it you cannot use those tools ?  
THE WOULD-BE UNEMPLOYED : Well, lidy, yer 'as ter know 'ow, don't yer, lidy ?

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE HAVEN.

By EDWARD CECIL.



"MISS COLLIER! If it is still Miss Collier?"

The girl started and turned her head. The voice was familiar. Afterwards, she was surprised that it should have sounded familiar at once, for, when she heard it that May morning at the corner of Grafton Street and Bond Street, she had not heard it for three years.

"Mr. Barlow!" she exclaimed, with frank pleasure, as she held out her hand. "I did not know you were back in England."

For three years they had neither seen each other nor exchanged letters. But they met now as old friends.

"I have been back in England a month," Barlow said, as he shook hands; "but I have been with my mother in Devonshire, and I only came up to town yesterday. How good a May morning in Bond Street seems after three years of Ceylon!"

But, for Ethel Collier, three years' intimacy with Bond Street had made enthusiasm impossible. She followed Barlow's gaze towards Piccadilly with grave eyes. It was evident that she would not have felt any regret if she had been told that the scene lay before her for the last time.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," she said, with a little, mordant laugh. "But why did you ask if I were still Miss Collier?"

"I met a man in Colombo who knew Lewis Calkin. You may remember, I know him slightly. We belong to the same Club. You and Calkin were engaged, he told me."

"That was a year ago. It was broken off," she explained.

Barlow was not deft enough to avoid a moment's pause, and it seemed as if that pause contained an unspoken question.

"It's best to admit a mistake before it becomes irretrievable," she added.

"Of course!" said Barlow. He was wondering how the mistake had been discovered.

They turned and walked together up Grafton Street. Both had a few minutes to spare, Barlow before he went to keep an appointment in the Strand, Ethel before she was due at her tea-rooms. She did not disguise her pleasure at meeting Barlow. She asked him a string of questions. She was honestly anxious to know whether his work in Ceylon had been successful, and she was also eager to turn the conversation from herself. She was conscious that he was seeking to read in her face whether the past three years had been years of happiness for her, and she talked rapidly and gaily, guarding the truth from discovery.

But, as they walked slowly up Grafton Street, he read something of what those three years had been. He saw that Care had eaten beneath her beauty. Her throat had shrunk a trifle, her eyes were less bright, her lips were a little compressed, and at the corners of her mouth the lines were beginning to gather. It was not the natural passing of youth. Barlow knew that. Youth does not pass at twenty-five. But he did not betray that he read beneath the surface. When they reached the corner of Bond Street again and stood for a moment outside the stream of passers-by before parting, both were conscious of pleasure. They were glad that, after a space of years, they had met again.

As Barlow walked South towards Piccadilly, he was thinking of the cynicism which Ethel had shown during the few minutes of that meeting. He remembered her as a light-hearted girl. Being a large-hearted and clean-minded man, it repelled him. To what did it owe its birth?

As Ethel Collier walked Northwards up Bond Street, she was recalling the past. She was unfeignedly glad to meet again a man whom she had always known she could trust. The three years had left their mark upon her life, twisting and torturing her trust and belief in what is good. But of what the same three years had done for Barlow she did not inquire. Neither the steadiness of his eyes nor the grip of his hand had altered.

The story of Ethel Collier's life up to the day on which she met John Barlow again, after an interval of three years, was one which, unfortunately, is not uncommon. The daughter of an Army officer who had lost his life in Egypt, she had been left motherless when a schoolgirl, almost at the time when she was leaving her school at Bath. With that criminal folly of which so many parents are capable, she had been educated as the daughters of the rich are educated, without the possibility of her having to earn a living being considered. When she left school, at eighteen, she possessed

many accomplishments, but few definite qualifications, and an aptitude for enjoying the luxuries and refinements of life coupled with a profound ignorance of the hard facts of existence.

For three years she lived with an aunt, her mother's sister, in a small country-town in Hampshire. She grew to be a tall, handsome girl, with the high spirit of her father and an eager and natural desire to feel the throb of life. She was not slow to discover that life in a little Hampshire town stifled her. She rebelled against it, and, having forced herself to become proficient with a typewriter, she went up to London to do what it had never been thought she would have to do—earn her bread. By good fortune and the help of some of her father's old friends, she began to do so at once; and, for a while, the cruel forces that were against her were not evident.

After a time they became evident. They pressed upon her and threatened to crush her. Her life became a struggle. It began when her work at the Typewriting Agency which had first employed her ceased. Business became slack at the Agency and she lost her post. It was soon after Barlow's going out to Ceylon that this happened, and for three years she became acquainted with a variety of ways in which a girl, having her qualifications, can earn a living.

It was not long before she discovered that her life centred round Bond Street, and it was in various posts in or near Bond Street that for three years she earned a living, gradually gaining more and more knowledge of certain phases of West-End life and learning to use her knowledge to good effect. She possessed from the first one great asset: her education and upbringing enabled her to add to her physical beauty an air of distinction which, she was quick to perceive, had a definite market value. To this first and great asset she soon added a second. She became well versed in the ways of Bond Street. Thus for three years there was no time when she was not paying her way, and the little flat in Chelsea, which she shared with another girl who, like herself, lived in the Bond Street world, was always secure. She was, therefore, successful in a life in which many would have failed. She never lacked the physical comforts of life, and not a few of its pleasures fell to her lot. Her life was not monotonous, neither was it starved. But, at the end of the three years, as Barlow saw, there was weariness lurking in her eyes and her lips were more compressed than was natural.

Barlow came back to London life with a new zest. There were friends he had not seen for three years, men he had not seen or heard of since he went out to Ceylon, interests and pleasures which for three years he had perforce abandoned. To all these he came back, and time was not idle upon his hands. But there were many occasions on which he saw Ethel. They took up their old friendship and did not know that it was changing.

One night, at the Welcome Club at Earl's Court, he first learnt some details of what her life had been. They were sitting in the low wicker-chairs, looking out on the crowd which circled round and round the band-stand in a slow-moving mass. The chairs near them were all occupied; outside the enclosure the crowd was dense. Yet in the presence of that crowd there was a real solitude of which they took advantage.

"What is a 'manikin'?" Barlow had asked, in the course of commonplace, impersonal talk.

"Why do you ask?"



"Ignorance. I was talking to some people last night, and they spoke of a girl who was a 'manikin.'"

"What did they say?"

"They said it was light work and well paid."

"Nothing else?"

"Someone said the life was demoralising."

"Well, I will tell you what a 'manikin' is. A 'manikin' is a girl of more than ordinarily good figure and carriage who walks about a Society dressmaker's rooms in one of that dressmaker's latest 'creations,' and so shows it off to the best and fullest advantage. For some months, soon after you went to Ceylon, I was a 'manikin.'"

For a moment Barlow said nothing. He blew his cigarette-smoke out before him in a long, thin stream. Ethel watched his face. It was expressionless, but his silence told her he had learned something more definite than that the life was demoralising.

"You left because you got something better?"

"No; I left it because—well, because, as you were told, the life is demoralising. It was after I had left that I got taken on at the Manicure place."

"Yes. And that?"

"Well, there was a good deal I didn't like there also. But it was better than Dover Street. After all, I had to earn a living. The work was light, and I suppose I was getting hardened. I found some amusement, too, at the Beauty shop. But, of course, at a Beauty shrine the priestesses have to be beautiful themselves, and when that is a reason for one's getting taken on there are always drawbacks." For the first time she spoke with deep and undisguised bitterness. Barlow felt the stab of its sting.

"Why didn't you go back to the typewriting?" he asked.

"Typewriting is much harder work than Bond Street or Dover Street, and I was not good enough to get a really good post in competition against others. You see, for Dover Street or Bond Street it may be said that I have a natural advantage. Perhaps, after a year or so," she added, after a pause, "I found I had made a mistake. But it was too late to go back. I made the best of it."

Barlow was greatly interested. He was beginning to see what the past three years had been.

"And why did you give up manicuring?"

"It became unbearable. And I got the chance of being in the new tea-rooms, the Ashley House. You know what a success they have proved. Well, I have benefited by that success and I am there still. I am used to the ways of Bond Street now—hardened, if you like. At any rate, I know the rocks, and—I can avoid them."

"And, after all this, you still stay in Bond Street, still live in the midst of a life you hate!"

"The hatred has become tolerable. I have to earn my living. What can I do? After all, even a 'manikin's' is an honest livelihood, and there are plenty of manicure-girls before whose lives, if I told you them, you might stand uncovered in respect."

"Couldn't you go back to Hampshire?"

She laughed. It amused her that he should suggest as something new what she had argued out with herself time after time.

"To the sleepy life of a little country-town! Don't you know what it would be like? Don't you know that it would be a confession of failure to go back? Don't you know what the little, provincial nobodies would say? And in my Aunt's house, you know, there is the atmosphere of a generation that is dead. And I; well, I should be dependent—mildly, affectionately misunderstood."

The life of the little Hampshire town came vividly before her. After all, she was not ready to bury herself. The throb and interest of life still appealed to her, her pulses were still young, the "joie de vivre" of youth still called her.

"Still, it would be a better life than Bond Street," Barlow urged.

He had been sitting in dogged restraint. He had said little, but he had read a good deal that had been inferred and not spoken. The hard, cynical note in the girl's voice hurt him. He guessed rightly what the temptations were which had besieged her. Though they had not conquered her, he judged that she had been soiled by contact with them. And in the background of his thoughts an inevitable question arose. Had she yielded even a little? Had she dallied on the edge of the precipice? Had she played with fire? She was beautiful enough, high-spirited enough, and, of course, many did, getting amusement and enjoying the sweet incense of flattery without actually getting their fingers burnt.

And her engagement with Calkin—what had been its history? Why had it been broken off? Thoughts formed themselves and Barlow crushed them, but he urged the return to Hampshire again.

Again Ethel laughed, half in amusement, half in bitterness.

"What a typical John Bull you are! What a typical strait-laced moralist! If I had been toiling away in some City office as a typewriting clerk, you would have nodded your head in benevolent approval. But because I have earned my living as I have, you as good as tell me that I have been touching pitch and am defiled."

And yet, even as she laughed, she was telling herself that she was thankful that Barlow was the honest, remorseless John Bull that he was. She had met a good many men who were different. His slowness of speech, his distrust of what he did not fully understand, his anxiety that she should go back to Hampshire, were all what she would have expected, having once felt the strong grip of his hand and met his steady eyes.

And when he said nothing in answer to her raillery, she bent forward and laid her hand upon his knee, and the bitterness vanished suddenly from her voice and the laughter from her eyes.

"It is good of you to be anxious that I should go back to Hampshire," she said, with gentle seriousness, "good of you to care so much. But you are wrong. That sort of life wouldn't be possible now. I have chosen my life, and I must keep on with it. After all, it is very easy to exaggerate its drawbacks. Perhaps I have done so."

She was deeply thankful that night, for whatever had happened in the past three years they had contained nothing that she need ever conceal. She could face John Barlow's steady eyes.

That night Barlow determined that he would discover what the history of her engagement with Calkin had been, though, in reality, it mattered very little what that history was, so far as the new birth in his life was concerned. Whether for pain or for joy, his love for Ethel Collier had been born. Even though as yet he did not admit its existence, the light of it had for a moment been in his eyes, and, in that moment, she had seen it.

At the back of a box in a suburban theatre, Barlow and Ethel Collier were sitting alone. The two others who had completed the party had left them to sit out the last Act, as the journey home from the outlying theatre was a long one, though to the two who sat now in the back of the box the last Act of the play was wholly uninteresting. They were, indeed, quite ignorant of what was going on on the stage. A climax had been reached in their lives.

Barlow had asked that question which for many days had been upon his lips. He had asked it bluntly and simply, without beating about the bush, without any periphrasis or disguise. Although very much depended on what he might learn in answer to his question, he asked it coolly and steadily, without the slightest trace of emotion.

"Why was your engagement with Lewis Calkin broken off?"

And, as if he wished to court a rebuff, but, without doubt, because he wished to penetrate to the heart of the story, he did more than ask the question. He displayed the thoughts that had been in his mind.

"Lewis Calkin is a rich man," he said. "He loved you. Since there was an engagement, you must have returned his love in some degree. Why was it broken off? There would have been an escape at once from the Bond Street life?"

For a moment Ethel Collier said nothing. She could have claimed a right to resent Barlow's inquisition. But she was wise enough not to do so. In the secret places of her thoughts she had already yielded him a right to question.

"You are right," she said. "It would have been an escape. But for the escape I should have paid a price. It was not Calkin who broke off the engagement. The way of escape was there. He wished to marry me. I shut my eyes to it. The price was too heavy."

"Calkin loved you," Barlow persisted, remorselessly.

"Yes—if you employ a euphemism. And, at first, I believed I returned his love—sufficiently. But he cared for nothing beyond my physical beauty. Perhaps I was flattered. As you say, he is a rich man. Not only should I have escaped from the Bond Street life, but, as his wife, I should have won a position which many would envy."

"Yet you let it go. Why?"

She hesitated. It was not easy for her to explain. "Can't you guess?" she asked.

Suddenly he understood. "Yes. When you came to see his love closely, you realised what it was?"

She turned her head from him, remembering how Calkin had revealed himself. "And I learnt that mine was only a mistake," she added.

Barlow remained silent.

"Yet most girls would have married him, placed as I was placed,"

she urged, in self-excuse. "I sacrificed a life of comfort and took up my life again where I had thought to leave it. I sometimes think I was foolish."

For Barlow, however, all doubts were now past. "No," he said, "you were not foolish."

Then, simply and directly, without protestations, he offered her his love and asked her to be his wife. It had come slowly, he told her, the great love he bore her, but it would last as long as he lived. Had she done as she wished, she would have yielded then, without condition, without question, with absolute trust. But she remained silent and her silence deceived him.

"I cannot offer you much. I cannot lay at your feet all that I would," he admitted. "I have no large share of the world's goods. There are things Calkin could have given you which I cannot offer. But these things are not happiness, Ethel, and it is happiness, the richest happiness, the joy of life, that perhaps we might know together——"

He pleaded now as a true lover pleads. Yet so hard a thing did it seem to her to win joy that she still fought against yielding. She had made a mistake once; she had become intimate with the false, so intimate that she now doubted what was true. She mistrusted her love, her own longing to yield.

"Is it because you pity me," she asked, at length, "because you wish to give me a way of escape, because you think that we have so long been good friends?"

"Can you think that it is that?" asked Barlow, mystified.

"Perhaps you are thinking that, in refusing Calkin, I made a sacrifice which many girls wouldn't have made. Don't think I did anything heroic, John. Don't exalt me into anything I am not."

"It is because you refused him that I know you understand what many never understand," he said, plainly. "You understand what the richest joy in life may be—in its fulness—when it is not only a thing of the physical senses. Calkin did not offer you this. It is I who offer it to you—now."

As he said this, Barlow conquered. Ethel Collier let her doubts vanish. She turned to him and met his gaze.

"And I accept," she said, in a whisper.

Suddenly she bent forward, and for one swift instant their lips touched. Then, while the rest of the house sat silent, engrossed in

the last Act of the play, they stole quietly from the box and left the theatre, before the exits were filled by the outflowing crowd.

Outside they found a hansom, and in a few moments were being driven towards Chelsea.

After a time Barlow asked a question. "Why did you doubt me? Why did you think it could be pity, or respect, or anything else?"

She laughed softly. The miracle of her happiness was strange to her still. "I wished to make sure," she answered.

"Of what?"

"Of my own happiness."

"You are happy?" he asked, foolishly, in his joy.

There was the echo of the past three years in her reply. "I had never thought to know so great a joy," she said.

Ethel Collier had reached a haven. She had been very near to the rocks, very near to the whirlpools round which so much of life's wreckage is strewn. But, in the end, she had reached a haven where the fulness of joy was secure.

At the great block of flats in Chelsea, Barlow left her. He got out of the cab and helped her to descend. She passed him and went up the steps.

"I shall see you to-morrow," he said.

She paused for a moment, looking back over her shoulder. It seemed that already some of the writing of Care had vanished from her face.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!" she said, with a gay, little, joyous laugh. Then she passed out of sight.

The cabman took in the situation without hesitation. He had his own home in a mews in Kensington, where perfect happiness reigned. He, therefore, recognised at once that bright, joyous thing that is real love.

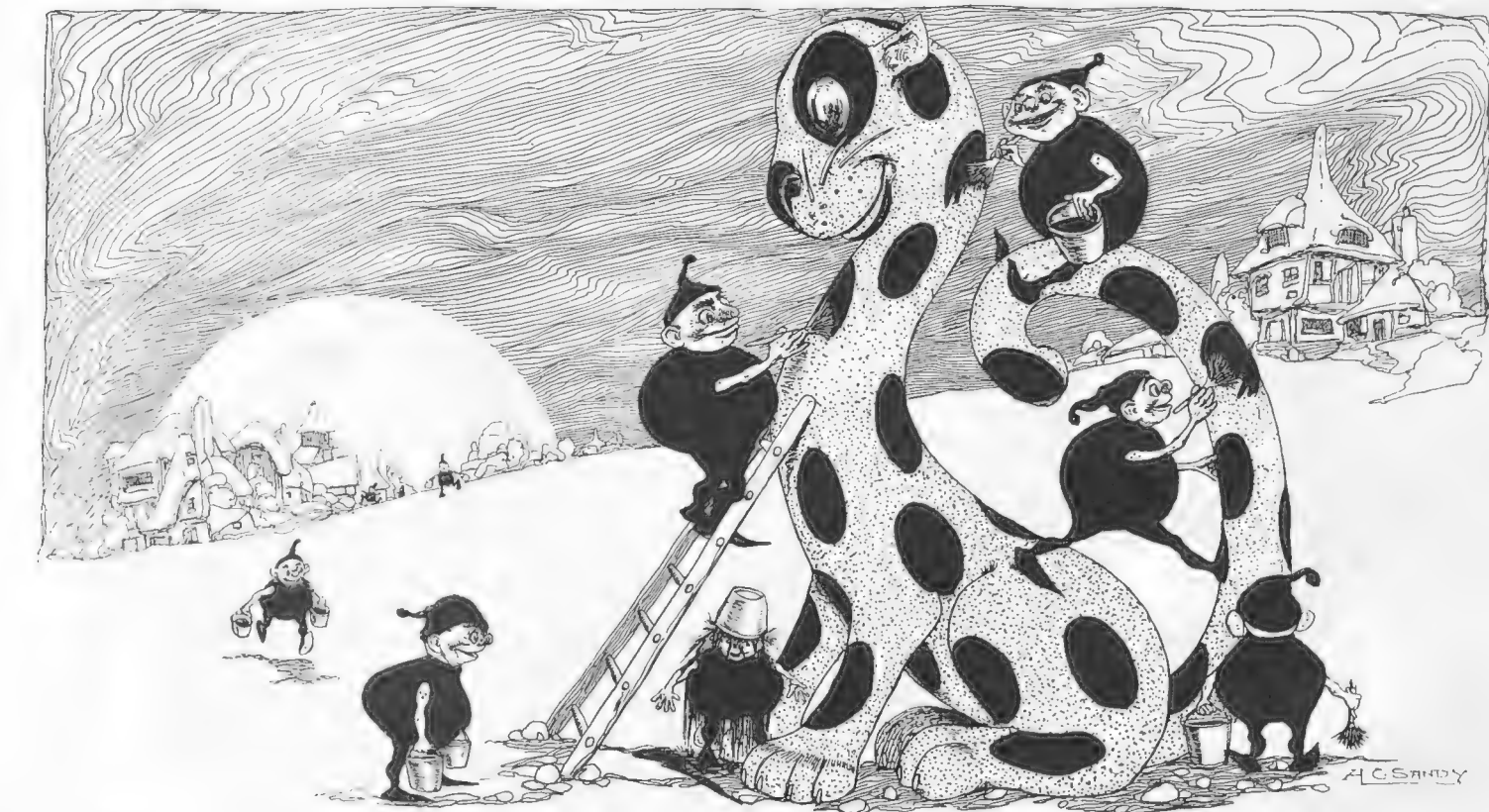
"It's a nice night, sir," he said to Barlow, who stood looking up the steps long after Ethel had reached her flat.

"There never was a better," said Barlow.

He took out his cigar-case, selected a cigar, and lit it. Then he handed up one to the cabby.

"I wish you happiness, sir," said the cabby.

"You are right," said Barlow, as he got back into the cab; "I am going to be very happy."



Little Elfin Artists,  
Little Pals of Luck  
Make the squodgy blodges  
On dear Old Fiddlewink!





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NATURALLY enough, considerable interest is being manifested in the elaborate preparations which have been made by Mr. Beerbohm Tree for the production of "Much Ado About Nothing" at His Majesty's Theatre next Tuesday evening. That the play is divided into what Mr. Tree calls three Acts everyone knows, though each scene will, as usual, be separated from the next by the fall of the curtain.

In every production of a Shaksperian play the question of new readings is bound to attract notice. A startling one has been considerably discussed in the world behind the scenes. It will be remembered that, in discussing Claudio's love-affair, Benedick describes Hero as "Leonato's short daughter." As Miss Viola Tree, who plays the part, is close on six feet tall, Mr. Tree speaks the line satirically, and points it by raising his hand well above his own head.

It will be interesting to note what the sticklers for Shaksperian accuracy will have to say about it. That it is incorrect Mr. Tree will probably be the first to acknowledge, even though its ingenuity is admitted to be unquestionable and not without a humour of its own. It is, however, only by the written word that a dramatist can make his intentions known, and if this is twisted so as to mean exactly the reverse of what is set down, there is no value in words. Another reason why the sticklers will probably protest is because the new reading divorces "Much Ado About Nothing" from its association with "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," with both of which it is in time-relation. The same boys undoubtedly played the corresponding parts in each, for the leading ladies are tall and fair and the second ladies short and dark, as reference to the text will distinctly show.

The appearance of Mr. Laurence Irving as Don John is interesting in more ways than one. In the earlier days of his theatrical career he acted several of Mr. Tree's own parts in the provinces, notably Svengali in "Trilby," and the leading part in "A Bunch of Violets." When, too, "Much Ado" was last played on the London stage—at the St. James's—Mr. H. B. Irving played the part, so that the two brothers will have acted it in the two succeeding revivals. What would have given additional interest to their impersonations would have been the association of Sir Henry Irving's name with the villain of the piece. Strange as it may seem, although Sir Henry must, in his time, have played dozens of the smaller parts in his Shaksperian repertoire when he was a member of various Stock Companies in the provinces, Don John was one of those which he never acted.

Mr. Lewis Waller has completed his arrangements for the staging of "Henry V." at the Imperial Theatre, where it will be revived on Saturday evening next. It goes without the saying that Mr. Waller will himself appear in the title-rôle, and Mr. William Mollison will resume his impersonation of Pistol, the character he played when Mr. Waller and he were joint-managers of the Lyceum. Miss Evelyn Millard, however, will not be associated with Mr. Waller in this play. Miss Mary Rorke will be the chorus, the part which at the Lyceum was taken by Miss Lily Hanbury.

It was the strain incidental to standing on the small platform raised high above the level of the stage while declaiming the stirring lines between the Acts of the play which was in great measure responsible for the illness which for some time deprived the playgoing public of Miss Hanbury's presence.

Since Miss Fay Davis's departure from London, where she was held in such high esteem, little has been heard of her doings in America. For the sake of Auld Lang Syne, however, many playgoers will extend a kindly wish to her this evening, when she makes her appearance at the Savoy Theatre, New York, in a new play bearing the curious title, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." It is written by Mr. Augustus Thomas, who will be remembered as the author of "Alabama," which Mr. Willard produced at the Garrick Theatre some years ago, as well as by "Arizona," which was acted at the Adelphi. Among Miss Fay Davis's chief supporters is Mr. J. H. Barnes, who, not long ago, gave up his position as one of the Professors at Mr. Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art to enrol himself as a member of Mr. Charles Frohman's forces.

Sixteen towns make up the tale of the provincial tour which Sir Henry Irving has arranged to occupy him for eleven weeks, beginning on Monday next at Portsmouth and concluding at Wigan, where he opens on April 6. Sir Henry's repertoire will include some of his most famous impersonations, Shylock, Becket, Louis XI., the dual parts in "The Lyons Mail," Corporal Brewster in "Waterloo," and, it need hardly be said, Mathias in "The Bells," for as long as he remains on the stage his admirers will clamour for his performance of that character.

The use of the stage for what may, not incorrectly, be called propagandist purposes is unusual and invariably unacknowledged. The production of Eugen Tschirikoff's play, "The Chosen People," which is to be given at the Avenue Theatre in its native Russian on Saturday evening and during the following week, is, therefore, notable, for it has for its object not only the display of the condition of the Jews in Russia, but the obtaining of sympathy for "the Chosen People," whose real woes and disabilities are represented in the guise of make-believe. Perhaps not the least remarkable fact to be noted in connection with the actors is that they are not Jews, for it is largely from the members of that community that the greatest actors of the world are recruited.

Whenever a successor is needed to the ever-popular "Véronique" at the Apollo Theatre, rumour has it that it is likely to be found in "Le Sire de Vergy," of which the music is by Claude Terrasse and of which the words are by De Caillet and De Fiers. This comic-opera, which will be adapted for the English stage by Mr. Arthur Sturgess, has already been presented in France and at Milan, in both cases with much success. The plot is the customary matrimonial comedy of three, and is based on the old Boccaccio legend which tells how a jealous husband not only slew his wife's lover, but completed his revenge by making her eat that lover's heart. This same idea, in its original and serious form, was adopted some years ago as the groundwork of the opera "The Troubadour." M. Terrasse's music is said to be particularly fine.



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE  
AS LIZA, A QUADROON, IN "LITTLE BLACK SAMBO" AND "LITTLE WHITE BARBARA."  
*Photograph by the Biograph Studio.*



FROM MONKEY TO MASHER:  
AN EARLY STAGE.

MR. HUGH J. WARD AS SIMEON, THE MISSING LINK, IN "THE WHITE CAT."

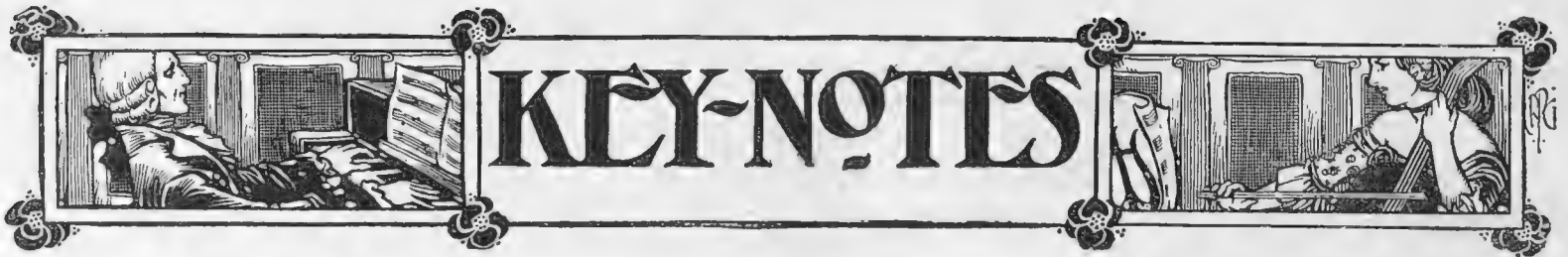
*Photograph by Bassano.*



FROM MONKEY TO MASHER:  
THE FINAL STAGE.

MR. HUGH J. WARD AS SIMEON, THE MISSING LINK, IN "THE WHITE CAT."

*Photograph by Bassano.*



WHATEVER one may say of Sousa and his Band, there is no doubt at all that the famous conductor's appearance in London—we speak, for the moment, for London alone—creates a certain atmosphere of pleasurable excitement. Sousa is a name to conjure with; he has been dubbed the “March King” through the length and breadth of the United States, and in some respects he certainly has not disgraced the title. Moreover, he is a conductor of the most peculiar resources. He has trained his band not only exactly to his thought, but also to his gesture, and herein a great deal of the art of conducting lies; but with Sousa the thing becomes also his own and personal art. Smile at his gesture how you will, you must still own at the end of the whole thing that he has produced precisely the effect he set out to produce. No doubt, there is much in his manner that calls for some sort of gentle amusement; but Sousa is never ridiculous. He is alert, ready, and at all times thoughtful for every possible effect which his band of wind-instruments can produce. It is true that he now and then annoys one by introducing work reduced to brass which rightly ought to be taken up by strings, but even in these cases he manages very often to produce a delicate effect which is very rare in brass combinations. Take, for example, the playing of his band, on the opening night of his season, of “In Dixie Land.” The opening melody is one of great and singular tenderness, and one would have thought that a brass and wind band would scarcely be able to overcome the delicacies of this initial tune; as a matter of fact, this was his great triumph of the evening.

The programme of the opening night was chosen with a rare insight into the character of a general English audience. Sousa himself held himself in the background; but the multitude of encores brought him forward in many a March mood, and we practically heard him in many of his most “renowned compositions.” “The Diplomat” was new to our acquaintance; it is a very clever march, but is so far reminiscent of Sousa himself that one cannot altogether regard it as quite original, seeing that we have so long had the model before us. As one of the encores, again, “The Washington Post” was dished up for us hot and hot; however one may make labouring jests about this composition of world-wide reputation, the fact

remains that it keeps its popularity, although it is quite clear that it does not rank among the best, or even among the first or second-rate things of march-music. It is in such a piece as this that Mr. Sousa, as a conductor, remembers his own enthusiastic nature, and with infinite deliberation performs a series of graceful and admirable gyrations, not only with his bâton, but also with his lithe



SOUSA AND HIS BAND AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS ESTELLE LIEBLING, SOPRANO VOCALIST WITH THE MARCH KING.

*Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company.*

body and with his dancing feet, so that in the end one really is in doubt as to whether one were listening to genuine music or to an amalgam of music, good playing, and a marvellous magnetism on the part of the conductor. Mr. Sousa is not above appealing to the feelings of that class which, though in itself not particularly inclined to religion, is yet powerful in England, by reason of the remembrances of Sundays in the country, where, as Mr. Kipling phrases it, there is a general flavour of wild roses, midgets, and milk. Therefore it gave obvious delight to an enormous audience when Mr. Clark, a most able cornet-player, played as an encore “The Lord is my Shepherd.”

A final word must be added about a new composition by Mr. Sousa himself, entitled “At the King's Court.” The work is divided into three natural divisions: “Her Ladyship, the Countess,” “Her Grace, the Duchess,” and “Her Majesty, the Queen.” Inasmuch as Mr. Sousa knows very well how to express himself in a certain form of music, it was interesting to note that “Her Ladyship, the Countess” was treated by him somewhat with a sense of humour; he seemed to feel that, though the Countess was quite high in the social scale—there were others; therefore the Countess became practically a frivolous young thing, very charming, and full of little phrases of sentiment that did more justice to her heart than her head. “Her Grace, the Duchess” is introduced by a more solemn prelude, though finally she herself is twined into the “interstices of the mazy.” The section entitled “Her Majesty, the Queen,” however, has considerable dignity, and also exhibits Mr. Sousa's peculiar skill in pictorial music by suggesting a rather stately progress. Without Sousa there is nothing very much to record, save that Miss Estelle Liebling, in Massé's “Nightingale Air” from “The Marriage of Jeannette,” proved that she has a brilliant voice, although it is not touched to any sentimental issues.

COMMON CHORD.



SOUSA AND HIS BAND AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS MAUD POWELL, SOLO VIOLINIST WITH THE MARCH KING.



*The Trial of a New Motor-'Bus—The Scarcity of Motor-Cabs—The Coming Gordon-Bennett Race—A Question of Course—A Warning to Owners of Light Cars.*

I THINK it would have been just as well if our various Omnibus Companies, who have now, apparently, made up their minds to combat electrical traction on, above, and below the surface of the ground by the introduction of motor-propelled conveyances, had awaited the results of the exhaustive trial just commenced in connection with a Straker-Squire motor-'bus under the auspices of the Automobile Club. This 'bus, which is propelled by a four-cylinder

Individually, he would be very much astonished to be told so; but the attitude of the French Automobile Club over and with regard to the Gordon-Bennett race this year is proof thereof and to spare. Sooner than give any other nationality an equal chance with themselves of winning this classic race, the French are determined to hold it over an altogether unsuitable course, and with possibilities of terrible accidents. I am more than pleased to see the Belgian Automobile Club have notified their refusal to take part in the Gordon-Bennett, if it is to be run in conjunction with the newly born Grand Prix International, for which hundreds of cars are likely to enter and start. One would think the Automobile Club of France had had enough and to spare of such death-scurries in the Paris-Bordeaux stage of the ill-fated Paris-Madrid race which lost them so much prestige, and France one of her most talented motor-engineers. But everything is to be sacrificed to the certainty of scoring first honours for the French trade. Our neighbours across the Channel view with something more than apprehension the growth of the motor industry both here and in the States, and feel that the tricolour must be kept flying at all costs. Our own Club have merely protested at present, but, in deference to public opinion, they will have to refuse to race under the conditions sought to be imposed by the French.

My readers who own light cars and drive somewhat in fear of side-slip are hereby warned against fitting a non-skidding device to one of their back-wheels only. By so doing a stress most undesirable is placed upon the differential gear and half of the live-axle where live-axle drive is used, and such stress has in several instances which have come under my notice resulted in serious trouble and expense. A non-skid device which promised to save the car-mechanism from all these side-strain drag troubles was the Sainsbury non-skid; but, promising though this device looked, little or nothing has been heard of it, and certainly nothing done with it, since it was shown round at a Motor Show some two years since. Another non-skid which throws less strain than the attached types on the wheels is the Parsons, but that is not all one's fancy might paint it, although it performs excellently in grease and does not wear the tyres.



THE CULT OF THE MOTOR-BOT: THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY.

*Photograph by Rol; Paris.*

24 horse-power explosion-engine placed under a bonnet in the usual way, started on a run of two thousand miles last Thursday morning, with the intention of completing the journey by daily stages of a hundred miles. The 'bus will run over the accepted Club trial-routes, but it will not be asked to climb Birdlip Hill, as that ascent would, of course, be out of all reason for a public conveyance of the kind. Those of my readers who feel an interest in the behaviour of this vehicle and may wish to watch it passing on its daily trips must not look out for a motor-'bus. It is, of course, impossible to obtain full human loads for such long daily journeys, and, as it is essential that an average load should be constantly transported, the total moving weight on the road-wheels will be just upon five tons, which will be partially carried in the shape of lead pigs on the platform. Consequently, a motor-lorry with a large, deep driving-hood, and a motor-car in attendance, is what must be looked for. The load above-mentioned is equal to three-quarters of the total weight of the loaded 'bus.

The sparsity of motor-cabs on the London cab-stands is much to be regretted, and I fancy that there would be more profit resulting from the flotation and working of a Company to put good, fast, comfortable motor-cabs upon the streets of this city than in the exploiting of motor-'bus traffic, which is already fairly well in hand by Messrs. Tilling, the London General Omnibus, and the Road-Car Companies. Now and again one sees a smart motor-cab with a hansom-cab body on the cab-rank opposite St. George's Hospital, but seldom, if ever, is one noticed in work. If there were a larger number on the road, and the public were as much accustomed to see motor-cabs in use as are the gay Parisians, it would not be long before the knell of the horse-drawn hansom and growler was rung indeed. Once a motor-cab has been used for town work, and presuming it can be hired at the same price as the horse-hauled variety, the latter would never more be patronised by any user who regards time and comfort. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot once tried to improve, and did vastly improve, our present cab-services, until the base ingratitude of the drivers drove him out of the business. Now that he is so intimately connected with the motor industry in this country, we hope to see him return to the charge, and ultimately eliminate the horse from the cab-services of the streets of this great city.

There is really very little real sporting feeling about a Frenchman, if one go much below the skin.



AN INGENIOUS MOTOR SHOOTING-CAR.

The owner and inventor of this car, Mr. Leonard Tufts, of Boston, has had a railway-track laid from the Hotel Carolina, Carolina, to and around his game-preserve of some five-and-twenty thousand acres, and on this track he runs his car. Quail-shooting is the sport to which Mr. Tufts is chiefly devoted, and the birds are bred on the preserve in great numbers by protection in the close season and by the cultivation of acres of cow-peas. The hunter's dogs are trained to jump from the car and retrieve the dead birds.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. BALLOU, NEW YORK.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Form—The Spring Weights—Hard Times—Guessing.*

IT is well-nigh impossible to find winners under National Hunt Rules by following the book. Horses change quite fourteen pounds in as many days, but how is this to be accounted for? Can it be metallic fever, or is it that horses act differently on different courses? One thing I am convinced about: it is that it is useless to take any notice of the betting which goes on on the course, as so many of the performers over the sticks are backed only at the "S.P." offices in town. Indeed, I am told that at one of the big betting Clubs not more than two horses are backed in any race, and it is really only a question of waiting to see which comes up on the tape as the winner. It is certain that, under the winter rules, owners could not make the game pay by going out for the stakes alone, and there are a few, a very few, who race for the sport. Then how do the majority of the leather-flapping owners manage to keep their heads above water? Aye, there's the rub. The real professional owners look prosperous, and I doubt if they ever get badly smashed, but they are gamblers and have a happy knack of backing other people's horses as well as their own. They seemingly know the fat horses at a glance, while they are seldom guilty of backing non-triers. This part of the game is left to the gullible public.

The weights for the Spring Handicaps will be published on Jan. 26, and until then it would be useless to even try and pick fancies. It may not be out of place here, however, to note that several good judges think that Delaunay will as nearly as possible win the City and Suburban if fit and well on the day. I remember that just prior to the race for the Cambridgeshire it was stated that the horse was not a stayer; then why should he be entered in the Epsom race? He ran very badly at Newmarket, but he is very likely to be favoured by the course at Epsom, and it should never be forgotten that as a two-year-old he was tried to be better than Pretty Polly. The last-named will, without a doubt, go for the Ascot Gold Cup, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see Willie Lane on her back. Lane was always unbeatable as a jockey in a long-distance race with turns, and he had few superiors over the round courses at Ascot and Goodwood. If Presto II. competes at Ascot, the betting over the pair will be fast and furious. I should stand Pretty Polly to beat the other wherever they finished, as I cannot swallow the French form of the pair at any price.

It is estimated by a statistical friend of mine that, in the aggregate, quite a million was netted by those people who promoted guessing competitions on horse-races. I know of one man, reputed to be worth three hundred thousand pounds, who had not as many shillings a few years back. There is something very attractive about sweeps and coupon competitions, and they always catch on; but the bookmakers aver that these contests robbed them of thousands of pounds per annum as long as they were allowed to exist. Little

punters now put their odd silver on horses, and the consequence is the bookies get what the promoters pocketed. The big sweeps in Australia still thrive, and they pay their promoters well. The late Mr. Adams, who promoted the big sweeps "down under," left property valued at well over a million. Many big papers in this country were started and made to pay on the proceeds of competitions, which shows that the public are fond of giving their luck a run. All the same, I think it is a good thing that these contests were stopped by law, as they were nothing but huge gambles, and did more harm than good to sport.

I am told that new members for the various Racing Clubs are few in number and that candidates are now hard to procure: The fact of the matter is, the cost of the South African War was a poser for those of our nobility and gentry with limited incomes, and they have to begin retrenching by dropping the luxuries. Again, some few of our

well-known Turf habitués have resigned the sport in favour of golf and motoring, while others make a rule of attending the chief race-meetings only—say, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Sandown Park. The Club subscription-list forms the big reserve at all the Park meetings, although, I contend, the members get better value for money than anyone else. Still, it must be borne in mind that they have to pay in advance for a year's sport and chance whether they get it or not, and this, by-the-by, opens up another question. I

do not think, when a large Club-list has been obtained, that a meeting should be insured to admit of a possible premature abandonment at the whim of the Clerk of the Course and the acting Stewards. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the time will come when Tattersall's Ring will be run on the Club system. Then the Park meetings will hum; so will the little meetings that could do with a fixed income in these days of depression.

The late Sam Hitt, of Nottingham, better known to the majority of racing-men as "Sammy the Whistler," used to tell the following humorous story with great gusto—though told against himself. "I was once at Birmingham for a steeplechase meeting at Sutton Coldfield, which was not only postponed, on account of frost, from day to day, but also from one week to the next," said Sammy. "I was then living in London, and, the journey being an expensive one, I decided to stay the week-end at Brum. Strolling along Dale End, on the Saturday afternoon, I was accosted by a local sport, who inquired if I was 'staying over Sunday.' Being told I was, he said, 'Then yo' may as well come round to our house an' hev a bit o' dinner wi' me an' t' missis to-morrow.' I accepted the invitation and asked him where he lived. 'Never do yo' mind wheer I live, do yo' come!' replied Brummy, and, with that, he jumped on a passing omnibus, leaving me equally amused and perplexed."

CAPTAIN COE.

Sir Ernest Cassell.  
Duke of Devonshire. General Scobell.  
Mr. Gilson Martin. Capt. Holland. Earl Percy. Lady Theo Acheson. Lady Mary Acheson. Col. Hon. H. C. Legge.



Duke d'Albe. Hon. H. Stonor. Lady Chelsea. His Majesty the King. Countess of Mar and Kellie. Earl de Grey.  
Hon. Mrs. G. Keppel. Lady Moyra Cavendish.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHATSWORTH: THE SHOOTING PARTY.

Photograph by W. W. Winter, Derby.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE winter of our discontent has evidently not been confined to Britain or the British this past few months, judging from the injured, not to say plaintive, tone that runs through letters from one's friends in the South. It certainly is rather piling on of life's little ironies to travel expensively South, with a phalanx of

fine crimson serge cut up into little rills and ruches and rivulets of ornamentation in the same material, the only note of opposing colour being the collar, vest, and half-sleeves of Brussels lace, the pattern of which was delicately outlined in black chenille. With snow for a background—up at St. Moritz, for instance—this frock would be a delight to the eye. But in a glare of Riviera sunshine, no!

Talking of suitable occasions and sympathetic gowns, I was astonished into ten minutes' absolute silence when a friend asked me to wander with her to Lola's or Paquin's the other day and help her to choose a "church gown." Seeing my paralysed stare, she added, "I think the essence of such a frock is that it should be noiseless and dark, while always well made. Swishing of silk and violent riots of colour are out of place, and, therefore, bad taste." Now, there was a woman of sense and sensibility, and well-ordered taste. For, if we have tea-gowns, coffee-coats, bridge-blouses, breakfast-peignoirs, dinner-toilettes, theatre-frocks, travelling-gowns, and Olympus knows what besides, why not the suitably sober garb for solemn occasions?

Talking of church, I invariably admire the Job-like patience of preachers at this season of the year, when colds are rife and the opening words of an address are the signal for coughings, sneezes, puffings of breath, and a variety of unnecessary and exasperating noises, which continue intermittently throughout the sermon and cease with the suddenness of electricity when it is over. It does not happen in the theatre, or even at the Royal Institute, so why in church? one asks. Or is it only the pious folk who are affected with nasal and other catarrh? Only last Sunday a well-known and worthy clergyman adopted an efficient means of stopping the intolerable noises in his church by simply closing his book and gazing at his congregation until the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop. To be Hibernian, he, in fact, put down his foot by shutting his mouth. Why the method is not in general force, being so mightily effective, one cannot understand.



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY DESIGN FOR A DÉBUTANTE'S DRESS.

boxes representing another phalanx of bank-notes, and find frosts, blizzards, and all the familiar climatic accompaniments of home awaiting one together with the hotel-bills. Friends in the enviable possession of villas on the Riviera write me that their gardens have been ruined by heavy frosts, and baby oranges nipped in the fragrant bud by untimely rigours of wind and snow. So, both residents and visitors seemed to have suffered unduly. At the moment, however, cabs roll through the Square, taking piles of baggage and undaunted owners on the first stage of their journey South, nor—everything notwithstanding—can one resist an envious thought as they whirl off towards the violets and mimosa, the turquoise sea, and the yellow sunshine of the splendid South.

The dressmakers are trying to popularise scarlet for outdoor wear on the Riviera, with the object of domesticating that brilliant tone in our midst later on; but fashion generally gets the worst of it in a hand-to-hand encounter with common-sense, and one, therefore, doubts if scarlet will prevail amidst the unsuitable environment of heat and brilliant sunshine. White is the ideal colour for such surrounding, and nothing looks more charming in the bright, clear atmosphere of the South than it, and such pale colourings as putty, biscuit, ivory, Nile-green, and, above all, cream. The new skirts are quite as voluminous as they can be, and fall in long, graceful folds about the feet. An oyster-white cloth, trimmed with a narrow tracery of gold braid and borderings of sable intermixed with the lace of sleeves and bodice, is at the moment accompanying an acquaintance to Cannes, and infinitely more attractive than another *plein-air* frock of



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON-GOWN OF CHIFFON VELVET.



The mention of *mouchoirs* reminds one of some new handkerchiefs that are being introduced. They are neither silken nor linen, but are vaunted as "better than either," and are called the "Excelda." Not having tried them, one cannot pronounce, but in these pocketless days, when fine cambric pocket-handkerchiefs are shed like snowflakes wherever one goes, anything that would look as well and cost less should establish itself.

The country cousin in London is always as vague about the best disposal of his time as thirsty for information as to the way he should go. Theatres especially puzzle the purchaser of stalls with six days in town and sixteen plays to choose from. The lover of charming music and an artless plot to which any child might take her grandmother is advised to see "Peggy Machree," and, in reply to a dozen chaperons, I can assure them that, though there is dancing, there is no dancing doll. Further, there are gusts of inevitable laughter in "Beauty and the Barge," while "The Walls of Jericho" continues to provide an excellent moral, some beautiful dresses, and a delighted audience, after which, if anxious inquirers from the Home Counties wish further light on this dazzling subject, they have but to ask.

People are flocking out to Egypt already, and the *Macedonia*, which started yesterday, carried the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Lady Donegall, Lady Gorst, with her pretty daughter, and a host of other interesting folk. On the same boat Lily, Lady Elliot, goes on to Bombay, and Major Albert Woods takes his bride, who is, by the way, one of the best amateur violinists in England and sure to be a great acquisition in Shillong, where Major Woods proceeds to take up his appointment as Inspector-General of Police.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

BURMESE.—I candidly advise you not to do so. Women's Clubs are beginning to be as overdone as flower-shops, and tea-shops, and millinery-shops were a dozen years ago. Dressmaking pays more steadily than anything else, provided, first, you have a strong connection to start with, and, secondly, an unimpeachable fitter to whom people will return because they cannot get done better, and, thirdly—being as important as any—provided your prices are moderate.

SYBIL.

A letter by Wordsworth to a Scottish gardener has been dug up recently. It is dated 1845, and has one passage worth preserving: "You were right in inferring that the Scotch pine was a favourite with me; indeed, as, perhaps, I have told you before, I prefer it to all others except the oak, taking into consideration its beauty in winter and by moonlight and in the evening."

We are to have a remarkable series of shilling reprints in Routledge's new "Universal Library." Among the books announced are Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"; Froude's "Short Studies in Great Subjects," "First Series; Essays by George Brimley; "Guesses at Truth," by A. J. and J. C. Hare; and, most wonderful of all, an early novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "Adam Graeme."

About three hundred sixpenny novels were published during 1904; in all, about 1700 are on the market, including some of the many standard books. Nearly all the publishing houses are now engaged in this line of business, and it is unusual to find a newsagent or bookseller who refuses to touch it, though at first many publishers and many booksellers were opposed. A good and readable type should be used in these volumes, as they are so largely read in trains and omnibuses. The sixpenny editions do not seem to decrease the demand for the more permanent forms.

The Gramophone and Typewriter Company, Limited, of 21, City Road, E.C., has been awarded the Grand Prize for Talking-Machines and Records in the Department of Liberal Arts, Group 21, St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

Franco Leoni's musical version of "Ib and Little Christina" is to be produced at the Opéra-Comique in Paris in April. Captain Basil Hood's libretto is to be adapted by M. Jean Richepin, whose "Du Barry" play is to be produced by Mrs. Brown-Potter. Dupont's new opera, "La Cabrera," which recently gained the £2000 offered by the well-known Italian editor, Sonzogno, will be produced at the same time.

Messrs. Williams and Walker, who made so well-deserved a success in this country in "In Dahomey," ask us to state that the poster purporting to represent them on their way to Buckingham Palace to call upon the King was not designed by them, but was published, without their consent, by their managers.

In *The Sketch* of Jan. 4, we stated that the popular actress Miss Billie Burke had sailed for America with "The Duchess of Dantzic" Company. As a matter of fact, Miss Burke is playing principal girl in "Aladdin" at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

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#### MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES.

EVERYBODY in England will be immensely interested to hear Dr. Strauss's "Domestic Symphony." A critic who is by no means enthusiastic towards the music of latter-day musicians is delighted to have found a man of memory and research who has discovered that one Chelard, of Weimar, produced in 1845 an orchestral work entitled "The First Sounds of Life." For all we know, there may have been many a composer before who has attempted to render the general effect of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé" into music, but we should not exactly say that this was in any way an anticipation of the work composed by Strauss, which will be heard in England on Feb. 25. The writer in question notes that "neither the idea of a domestic symphony nor the development to the point of performance is new." "The man of memory and research" has found out, indeed, that Chelard produced at Jena some sixty years ago the other Symphony in question, but could anything be more crude than this comparison between the work of a Kapellmeister of no particular talent and the work of Richard Strauss, simply because they happen to deal in a general way with the same subject? There is no subject under the sun which may not be treated by a bad as well as by a good artist. The question always is: What will be the result? And in this instance the interrogatory seems a little absurd. One might just as well augur a failure for a modern composer who set the words of the Mass to music simply because many and many a small Kapellmeister during the eighteenth century wrote innumerable Masses.

Madame Suzanne Adams has now for long been a familiar figure at Covent Garden; she is a sound and sensible artist, and the purity of her singing and the fine quality of her voice have placed her definitely among the really interesting soprano singers of our time. It is interesting, therefore, to record that she joins the Grand Opera Company at Covent Garden again during the forthcoming season, thus entering upon the eighth consecutive year in which she will be heard under the present operatic management. Everybody will desire her success.

The statement recently made by Mr. Charles Frohman in *Harper's Weekly*, and reproduced in certain of the London papers, that "the difficulty with the stage to-day lies with the playwright," has naturally been attracting a good deal of attention, especially when Mr. Frohman goes on to add the sweeping remark that "in one year the playwrights of America, France, Germany, and England have not turned out six genuine plays." Such a pronouncement coming from "the Napoleon of the dramatic world," as his friends and admirers like to call him, has the force of an *obiter dictum*, but it is regarded in the Green-room as being unduly pessimistic, though, as one dramatist discussing the question observed, "What is the use of writing 'genuine' plays if Mr. Frohman and other managers won't produce them?"

Miss Compton will, as usual, grace the cast which will act her husband's play when it is produced at the Avenue Theatre some time during the second week in next month. In answer to his own question, "Why temporise with the description?" Mr. Carton has resolved to describe his new work as a farce. It is, however, a farce of the type of "The Duke of Killicrankie"—to use that play merely as a symbol—a farce of manner rather than a farce of matter, instead of the old type of farce which depended for much of its humour on the multiplication of doors in the scene, with the wrong people going into the rooms into which they led. Among Miss Compton's associates will be Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Graham Brown, and Mr. Henry Kemble.

While the public looks at things theatrical from the outside and in the isolated cases presented to its view, those who are inside the movement naturally take a more comprehensive survey of events. One of the distinct signs of the times which have been under discussion during the last few days is the way in which it is becoming possible to book the hitherto unreserved parts of the theatres and music-halls. The example in this direction set long ago by one or two theatres has been followed by the newer variety houses, and now, since practically the beginning of this week, seats in the balcony of Drury Lane can be booked just like those in the more expensive parts of the house. In the ordinary way, it cannot be long before many other houses yield allegiance to the new movement, which certainly makes for the comfort of the majority.

It is said that the recent Italian Opera Season at Covent Garden—despite the facts that the theatre and scenery were lent to the Company, that there was a profit, though a small one, on the Caruso performances, and a large sum to the good on the semi-State performance—resulted in loss. This is certainly regrettable, as it would seem to prove that cheap opera cannot yet be made to pay in London. It is worth noting, however, that when Caruso appeared the price of seats was raised, so that it would seem that if people require singing of the very highest class they are willing to pay for it. The Grand Season at Covent Garden, by the way, will probably commence with a "Ring" Circle on May 1, Dr. Richter conducting.



CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.*

THE MARKETS.

THE markets, which before Christmas gave promise of steady improvement, have during the last few days gone all to pieces, and especially has this been so in the Kafir and Rhodesian corner. Fortunately pay-day passed off without any failures, although it is notorious that some not very small men were helped over. The excellent gold return for December, which exceeded the most sanguine expectations, has been more than offset by the imminence of the first instalment of the Transvaal Loan, the instalment, our readers will remember, which was guaranteed by the leading Johannesburg firms at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's visit, and which will probably be issued before the Budget. We shall have a word to say about the Chartered Company's Engineer's report later on in these Notes, but it is a curious thing about unfavourable news that it always comes when markets are disturbed.

Readers who have followed our advice cannot be bulls of Chartered, for we have always thought that, if there ever was much payable gold in the country, those wicked ancients probably took the cream of it, and this view has been expressed in these columns and in numerous Answers to Correspondents.

National Telephones have been quite the most interesting security in the Industrial market, and, despite the official denial of the purchase rumours, everybody believes that an agreement has been come to with the Government for the acquisition of the undertaking by the Post Office. Of course, the arrangement will not become binding until the House of Commons has had an opportunity of discussing it; but this is, we fear, the merest form. Too many Members of Parliament are directors of railways and other monopolist—or would-be monopolist—concerns for any Government to be upset or even hard pressed for having agreed to pay too high a price for the telephone or any other monopoly. It is pretty safe to prophesy that something like another job is going to be added to the many which have preceded it. If it were not so, the whole matter would be allowed to rest till 1911, and then the undertaking would be acquired at scrap-iron price.

RAILWAY DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

Despite the fact that upon the published traffics of the last half-year there is, in the aggregate, a considerable decrease as compared with the same period of 1903, we anticipate that, when allowance has been made for the under-estimation which always takes place, the figures will be about equivalent to those of the previous year.

On the other hand, extraordinary exertions have been made to reduce expenditure by greater skill and economy in working, to which must be added a saving in the cost of fuel and material that should nearly counterbalance the increase for ever going on in rates and taxes. The growth of capital charges, however, must not be forgotten, and, on the whole, in the aggregate we expect that the dividends will be about the same as for the December half of 1903.

The following table gives the published returns of some of the principal lines for the two half-years, with allowances—

Company.	Traffics.		Increase or Decrease.
	Dec. 1903.	Dec. 1904.	
Furness .. .. .	283,297	243,754	- 39,543
Great Central .. ..	1,727,730	1,761,951	+ 34,221
Great Eastern .. ..	2,962,200	3,003,800	+ 21,600
Great Northern .. ..	3,113,300	3,062,200	- 51,100
Great Western .. ..	6,353,600	6,446,000	+ 92,400
Lancashire and Yorkshire	2,877,002	2,951,202	+ 74,200
Brighton .. .. .	1,773,526	1,782,921	+ 9,395
North-Western .. ..	7,593,000	7,534,000	- 59,000
South-Western .. ..	2,538,500	2,555,100	+ 16,600
Midland .. .. .	6,024,652	5,919,603	- 105,049
North-Eastern .. ..	4,905,893	4,893,871	- 12,022
South-Eastern and Chatham	2,539,829	2,552,413	+ 12,584

These figures omit, of course, many important lines; this we regret, but our space is very limited, and we must ask the indulgence of our readers on this account.

Within the next few days the distribution of the Brighton, Great Eastern, and Metropolitan Companies will be announced, as well as the working statement of the South-Eastern and Chatham. The Great Eastern will probably show a slight increase of net profits, but not enough to increase the dividend, which will most likely be at the rate of  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. This, with the distribution for the first half-year at the rate of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., gives a return of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. for the year, with the stock standing at 92.

The Brighton Company should, with its gross increase and economies, again be able to distribute at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and for the whole year the dividend on the Deferred stock will work out at 5 per cent. The present price is  $127\frac{3}{4}$ , carrying the whole year's distribution.

The Metropolitan has an improvement in its gross take of about £14,000, but some of the capital outlay on electrification will rank for interest, and the June carry-forward was smaller than in 1903, so that we do not anticipate the dividend of 3 per cent. will be altered. The stock stands at 98 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

The South-Eastern and Chatham, with an increase of £12,000, can hardly do more than maintain the former distributions at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on both South-Eastern Ordinary and Chatham First Preference, which means that for the year 1904 South-Eastern Ordinary will get  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., while the Preferred Ordinary will receive 5 per cent. The respective prices are 93 and 132, and the latter carries £4. 10s. of dividend.

AMERICANS AND CANADIANS.

One force that the American Market has never had to cope with before to the same extent as now confronts it, is the hostility of the President to the power of the Trusts. Mr. Roosevelt, having widely advertised his determination not to seek re-election after the expiration of his present term of office, is free to campaign to his heart's content against the combinations which he justly declares detrimental to the good of his country. Of these combinations, the Railroads are, with a few exceptions, the most patent examples. So far, in one way or in another, the "bosses" have managed to drive their coach-and-four much as they listed. Now comes a struggle with a power not to be bought with money, and not to be cozened by cheap promises. The result will be awaited with the greatest interest on this side, but the opening chapters of the story are not likely to please the bulls over-

much. Used as it is to scares, the Yankee Market has times ahead of it which are likely to teem with variegated incident, and only the profit-snatcher, as urged before, can speculate with impunity in Americans now. The Canadian stocks offer more scope. Canadas themselves are cheap enough to lock up for investment, but may not move sufficiently quickly to make a speculation in them worth while. The Grand Trunk dividend announcement is due a month hence, and up to that time the market will probably lean, fairly consistently, to the side of the bull tack.

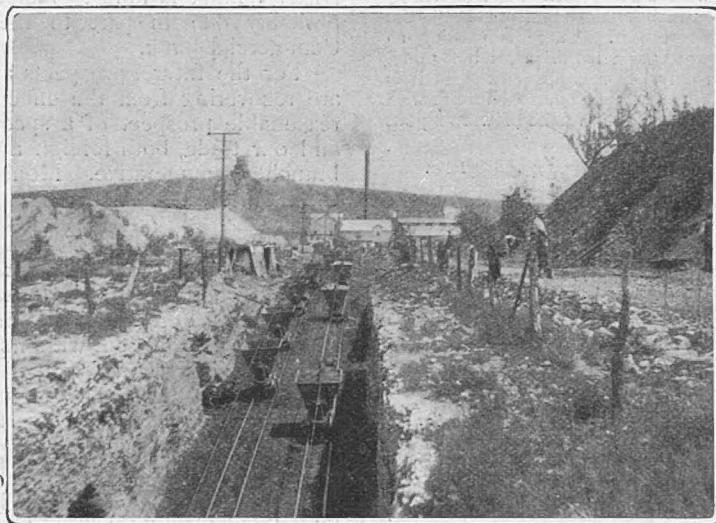
THE RUSSIAN LOAN.

The Continental papers are full of the success of the new Russian Loan, which has been, so they say, subscribed for many times over. We inhabitants of a foggy land, probably from the denseness of the

air in which we live, smile an incredulous smile, and ask how much of the money will find its way into the Russian Treasury, when the sums spent on supporting the market for the old issues, the commissions, and other expenses, are allowed for. The net outcome seems to be that present indebtedness at a comparatively low rate of interest will probably be replaced by a larger sum at a higher rate, with a few guns made by Krupp, and, perhaps, some other war-material thrown in at preposterous prices. The more of such successes the nearer our friends of Dogger Bank fame will be to the Bankruptcy Court.

RHODESIANS AS A BLANKET.

Had it not been for the Rhodesian Market, the Kafir Circus would most likely have been standing in a much less miserable mood than it is at present. To say that everyone knew what Mr. Garthwaite's report would be upon the alluvial discoveries on the Chartered Company's property, is very easy after the event has happened, but Chartered shareholders who missed the chance of selling at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  are not likely to receive much comfort from the boasted foreknowledge of the wise ones. So far as we are concerned, these columns have always treated the question of Rhodesian gold with considerable caution, and we adhere steadily to the views so frequently expressed that, while the colony may possibly possess the metal, the payability of the gold industry will never be demonstrated so long as working-costs remain what they are and the grade of ore found in Rhodesia continues so low. The Kafir Circus is so closely influenced by the adjacent market from the fact that the big houses have interests in both, and, therefore, a movement in one department immediately reacts upon the other. Public attention to Kaffirs remains principally of the academic kind. People look kindly upon the market, admit its attractions, but—courteously decline to come in yet awhile. Nevertheless, there is little "go-down" in prices: in fact, the comparative firmness of the market argues well for another upward start when bullishness comes to the top again.



PREMIER DIAMOND-MINE: MECHANICAL HAULAGE ROAD.



## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE. The Stock Exchange.

They say the Stock Exchange always grumbles, whatever may be the state of its business. As I, for one, emphatically deny this statement, I pass over all references to the condition of trade in the House. But it is hard to resist saying that outsiders who wished us a prosperous New Year are not doing much to follow up this form of words. Nevertheless, I will resist the temptation to say even as little as that.

My wife sighs for a Kaffir boom. She still wears visible evidences of the last, and, Oliver Twist-wise, asks for more. At least, he would if she were less an Angel. She is not, I believe, the only one with hopes in this direction—the direction of a Kaffir boom, I mean: not that of the other angels. Anyway, we members of the House are continually besought to say when the Kaffir boom will come. As if we knew! We have one advantage, perhaps, in being able to tell the tone of a market, but whether this advantage is not seriously outweighed by the liability to be led astray by the look of things at the moment, I, for one, am very much in doubt. The man who punts in Throgmorton Street will probably assure a friend that he never takes House advice for this very reason. Not that the punter gets along particularly well, or any better than other speculators, but there is the fact, and even House circles admit that the ordinary member is far from being a successful operator on balance. The mention of punters reminds one of the old habitués of Throgmorton Street, not a member of the Stock Exchange, who used to stand outside the main door and deal all day long in lines of Rand Mines, Gold Fields, and so forth, in thousands at a time. He ran through a fortune, and has now exchanged Throgmorton Street for South Africa, after paying every penny of his debts. One day a clerk in a neighbouring office thought he smelt something burning. He ran out, and through the open door of the speculator's office he saw the old gentleman fast asleep in front of a huge fire, which was slowly roasting him. For weeks he was laid up as a result of this adventure, after which, upon his return to the City, he slipped and fell down a flight of stone steps, from whence he was borne away unconscious. Few outside speculators were better known; few have squandered so rapidly a fortune it took them years to accumulate.

As an example of quite a different story, it may serve to recall the case of the bookstall boy who was taken into a leading broker's at the time of the Kaffir boom. Smart and intelligent, the youngster quickly began to feel his feet. He exchanged into a jobber's office, saved money and made himself a member, came into a substantial legacy by a most unexpected death, and now makes his couple of thousand a year with ease in the Miscellaneous Market. A score of happy chances aided the young fellow in his industrious search for Fortune, and to-day he is one of the most prosperous members of the youthful generation in the House. Yet they tell us there is no such thing as luck!

No; you're wrong. It isn't I.

Fortune has smiled, too, in a wonderful way upon those who bought South and Central American Railway stocks a year ago. I believe *The Sketch* was hammering away at the cheapness of the things fully eighteen months since, but, no doubt, the City Editor will see to his own trumpet in this respect. There is nothing so misleading as facts, they say, except figures, but, greatly as a list of prices bores one, the sensationalism of the South American boom only becomes apparent when it is stuck into a brace of parallel columns, with another one tacked on, not so much with the idea of filling up space as that of saving lazy readers the trouble of working out the differences for themselves—

Stock.	Jan. 18, 1904.	Jan. 13, 1905.	Rise.
Antofagasta .. .. .	109	130	21
Bahia-Blanca Pref. .. .	47	79½	32½
B. A. and Rosario .. .	88	107½	19½
Central Uruguay of Monte Video Ord.	60	81	21
Cor. and Rio Pref. .. .	39	122	83
Cor. Cen. Income .. .	39	67½	28½
Manila Debs. .. .	57	90	33
Mex. Rly. First .. .	64½	107¾	43¼
Puerto Cabello Debs. ..	75½	101	25½
Salvador Mt. Debs. .. .	57	81	24
San Paulo .. .	158	185	27

After this tremendous rise, one would naturally expect to find a bear-account in some of the most violently affected stocks. But there isn't. On the contrary, the bulls are in a heavy majority, and the talk is that prices will go still better. They may, of course, but, with regard to the Argentine Rails, at any rate, it seems prudent to take the swinging profits that many people now see. The gamble is fascinating, and the hunt is now to find Argentine things which have not enjoyed much rise. I admit a strong fancy for Argentine Southern Land shares at about 2½. The rush in Santa Fé Lands is pretty sure to turn people's attention to similar concerns, and the capital of the Argentine Southern Land Company is only £140,000, upon which dividends are being paid. Why not buy the shares and not write about them, you suggest? My dear sir, you put yourself into my place and see whether you would not be eager to get hold of what you consider really good "tips" to write about. If it were an absolute certainty that the shares would go to 3 or 4, I should not be such a fool as to sit writing to-night: my fortune would be ready to my hand. But the shares look tempting as a risk, and I am somewhat moved to have a few for myself. There ought to be a turn in them, although it is doubtful whether, intrinsically speaking, the shares are worth more than 2. I speak of them as a mere gamble at anything above that price.

Investors should notice a curious anomaly that has come about between the price of Charing Cross Electric Light 4½ per cent. Preference shares and that of the almost identical shares in the same Company called "City Undertaking." The former cannot be bought under 5½; the latter are to be obtained at 5 or a shade less. Both are £5 shares, carry 4½ per cent. cumulative dividends, and are nearly enough identical to make the real difference more like 5s. than 17s. 6d. Perhaps the "City Undertaking" shares were not well placed when they first came out, and there may be underwriters who sell upon every inquiry. This, however, is a supposition, but, whatever the reason, Charing Cross and Electric City Preference are as good a 4½ per cent. investment of their kind as the ordinary man comes across in a day's march through the Stock Exchange Official List, and it appears to me that the balance in favour of the older shares will soon be redressed by a 10s. rise in the later issue. Dividends are due at the beginning of each half-year upon the "City" Preference, whereas on the old Charing Cross Preference they are paid in February and August, which explains about one-eighth of the discrepancy; but that is not much in a difference, as already indicated, of 17s. 6d. per share.

More than five half-years have passed since Peace was established between this country and South Africa, and still the Stock Exchange walls remain without the mural tablet promised for inscription of the names of those House-men who went to the Front. Manifestly the Managers are not asleep. They have gone on enlarging the Stock Exchange: they have consented to a most excellent bargain (for their shareholders) with the Committee as to restriction of House-membership. The tablet, though, seems to have been completely forgotten. Out of sight is usually the excuse for out of mind, but in this case the Managers have not even this lame crutch to lean upon, because they daily meet fellow-members whose presence is a standing reminder of the veldt. To say nothing of the other reminder afforded by the Kaffir Circus. Now that The Wicked Uncle has more leisure to attend to affairs outside the boundaries of his own business, maybe a move can be arranged. Or are we to wait for the next Committee election?

Every beginning is hard, as the thief said when he began by stealing an anvil. But my chief difficulty lies with the end. It looks so easy, but, to me, it is so hard to find a sentence that, without apparent effort, shall conclude with

"THE HOUSE HAUNTER."

## THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

It cannot be said that the past half-year has been a good one for the London Banks. In no case has it been possible to increase the dividend, and in several instances there has been a reduction.

That Bankers have had less money to use is evident from the large reduction in deposits, while the profit margin has been very small, and until the last month or two very little was doing upon the Stock Exchange, so that it is not surprising profits have, on the whole, somewhat diminished. The dearth of new issues has also reduced the Bankers' harvest.

The following table shows the dividends of the leading London Banks for the last half-year, and for the corresponding half of the three preceding years—

	1904.	1903.	1902.	1901.
Barclay and Co. .. .	15	15	15	15
Lloyds .. .	18¼	20	20	20
London City and Midland ..	18	19	19	19
London Joint Stock .. .	11	12	12	12
London and Provincial .. .	18	18	18	18
London and South-Western ..	16	16	16	16
London and Westminster ..	13	14	15	15
National Provincial .. .	18	18	20	20
Parr's .. .	20	20	20	20
Union of London .. .	11	12	12	12
Williams Deacons .. .	13¼	13¼	13¼	13¼

It will be seen that five of the eleven Banks have lowered their distributions, while Williams Deacons do a large part of their business outside London.

The Bank Rate has been 3 per cent. for the whole time and the average market rate about £2 13s. 3d., while for deposits the Banks have been paying £1 10s. per cent., and there has been a lower rate of interest for day-to-day money, which can hardly have been made up for by the improved Stock Exchange demand of late.

In the case of Country Banks the showing is better. Thirteen maintain the old dividend, two reduce distributions, and the Bradford District Bank is able to increase the amount it pays by 1¼ per cent., probably due in part to the recent absorption of the Bradford Commercial Bank.

For the future, prospects are encouraging. Slowly but surely we are recovering from the effects of the South African War, there is a reasonable prospect of a speculative revival during the current year, and our trade, both foreign and home, continues active, and in most branches remunerative. Money is likely to be in active demand, and the Banker will benefit.

## SOME INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATIONS.

For those of our readers who desire a reasonably safe investment yielding well over 5 per cent. we would call attention to the Ordinary stock of the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust. The position of the Trust is so good, with its half-million reserve, its freedom from Debenture debt, and its record of 6½ per cent. average dividend over a long period, that at about 117, carrying six months' dividend, it appears a most attractive investment. The Trust has large Argentine investments whose capital-value must have grown considerably of late.

In these columns we called attention to the shares of the Premier Diamond-Mine at 35, and the price is now 73. The shares are now to be divided, each old share receiving two Preference and four Deferred, and, as the Preference dividend is, on last year's showing, overwhelmingly secured and will amount to 12s. 6d., the share at 9¼—which is the market-price—seems an attractive speculative purchase. The Deferred shares are dealt in at 14 to 14½. The dividend in the immediate future looks like one pound a share, but this should easily be increased by degrees to at least double, and, unlike De Beers, there are no Debentures. The Preference should go to 11 and the Deferred to 20 within a year or two.

Saturday, Jan. 14, 1905.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

LENA.—(1) You will hardly get strictly Trustee securities to pay 3½ per cent. In some of the Colonial stocks which have lately come under this heading you might get £3 7s. 6d. per cent. (2) It is not easy to get 4 per cent. out of English Corporation stocks. Middlesbrough gives 3¼, Weymouth and some others 3½. Colonial Municipal stocks are quite safe and will do what you want; say, Auckland 5 per cent., Melbourne Harbour 4½ per cent., and some others. (3) The Irish Railway is fairly safe and not unattractive. The two South Africans are remunerative, but, of course, more risky—not unduly so for the return. There is no liability on Bank of Ireland stock. (4) We have sent you broker's name by post.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Brewery Debentures seem cheap. A good bit depends on the new Act and how it works. The Liberian shares are a gamble. We have not heard of much favourable news of late. The Bank shares with liability would not suit us. It is a poor, second-rate concern.

F. S. B.—The competition is increasing very much, and some of the hotels acquired recently are a drag on the concern. The Ordinary shares are a very speculative purchase.

E. H. C.—Have nothing to do with the bucket-shop you name. Of your list we prefer Aux Classes Laborieuses as an investment. The American Railways are more fit to speculate in than hold. The Cement Pref. is the sort of thing you might buy as a speculative investment with spare cash.

HABITANT.—Some of the Electric Light shares might suit you. See this week's Stock Exchange letter. Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture stock is also very cheap. Bank of Egypt shares are worth buying, also Babcock and Wilcox, and Foreign and Colonial Trust Deferred stock.

J. F.—Your letter has been fully answered privately.

F. B.—The concern is very much bound up with Egyptian mining, and, if you can get out at a reasonable profit, you had better do so.